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THE SECRET,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

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[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

THE SECOND EDITION.

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A COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

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THE SECOND EDITION



# THE SECRET,

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY EDWARD MORRIS, ESQ. *K*

BARRISTER AT LAW, AND FELLOW OF PETER-HOUSE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

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*Scire secreta domus atque inde timeri.*

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THE SECOND EDITION.

THE SECOND

A COMPANION TO THE FIRST

AS PUBLISHED BY THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

BY EDWARD M. LITTLE



LONDON

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1853

THE SECOND EDITION

To Mrs. JORDAN.

MADAM,

*I WAITED* with considerable anxiety for permission to inscribe this Comedy to you, as it affords me an opportunity of expressing how much I consider myself indebted to your representation of the part of ROSA, for the interest which it has excited on the Stage. But as I cannot avoid feeling that there is some merit in giving occasion for the display of such talents, I am forced to refrain from any particular notice of your performance, lest I should be accused of indirect flattery to myself.

*I remain,*

DEAR MADAM,

*Your obliged and obedient*

*humble Servant,*

EDWARD MORRIS.

*Harcourt Buildings, Temple,  
9th March, 1799.*



**A**FTER the Applause which the PUBLIC  
has given to the different Performers in this  
COMEDY, the Testimony of the AUTHOR  
appears feeble and superfluous—but he can-  
not omit this Opportunity of thanking Mr.  
AICKIN for his kind Attention while the  
Play was under Rehearsal.

## PROLOGUE,

*Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.*

Spoken by Mr. C. KEMBLE.

IN times like these, when arm'd throughout the land,  
A loyal nation forms one patriot band,  
The hardy phalanx, at the Invaders boast,  
Indignant smiles, and dares him to the coast.  
While Albion's pride, her sail by Vict'ry furl'd,  
Triumphant floats—the wonder of the world.  
Rous'd at the theme, the Muse would fain aspire,  
And wake to rapture the heroic lyre!  
But that the bard prefers an anxious claim,  
And bids the Prologue smoothe the road to fame.  
Life's ample volume dramatists survey,  
For novel characters to stock the play:  
To the keen glance the variegated page  
Luxuriant yields materials for the stage.  
Cameleon like, mens follies strike the view,  
For ever changing, and for ever new.  
In Fancy's loom fresh incidents are wrought—  
Nature designs, and Art improves the thought.  
Such is the plan our author should pursue,  
To fill the outline Nature's pencil drew;  
Join to the comic scene a useful sense  
That would correct, but yet avoid offence.  
If such the task, how arduous to unite,  
What may at once amuse, instruct, delight:  
To mark the characters, by truth pourtray'd,  
With each its proper share of light and shade:  
In sentimental colours not too fine,  
Nor give the hum'rous sketch too broad a line.  
This night th' attempt is made, the scene's design'd  
To press th' important lesson on mankind,  
That active virtue, peace of mind regains,  
Of errors past obliterates the stains.  
'Tis in our pow'r—but what am I about?  
If I say more, The Secret must come out.

PROLOGUE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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MR. DORVILLE . . . . . *Mr. Barrymore.*  
SIR HARRY FLEETLY . . . . . *Mr. R. Palmer.*  
LIZARD . . . . . *Mr. Suet.*  
JACK LIZARD . . . . . *Mr. Bannister.*  
MR. TORRID . . . . . *Mr. Dowton.*  
HENRY TORRID . . . . . *Mr. C. Kemble.*  
RALPH . . . . . *Mr. Watben.*  
FRANK . . . . . *Mr. Archer.*  
BAILIFF . . . . . *Mr. Hollingsworth.*  
STEWARD . . . . . *Mr. Madox.*

*Servants of Mr. DORVILLE, and Mr. TORRID.*

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LADY ESTHER DORVILLE . . . *Mrs. Powell.*  
ROSA . . . . . *Mrs. Jordan.*  
SUSANNAH LIZARD . . . . . *Miss Pope.*

SCENE—*In the Country, at the two adjoining Seats of  
Mr. DORVILLE, and Mr. TORRID.*

TIME—*That of Representation.*



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# THE SECRET.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Library at Mr. DORVILLE's.*

*Enter Mr. DORVILLE and a Servant following.*

MR. DORVILLE.

WHO did you say?

*Servant.* Farmer Ralph, Sir. (*enter Steward on the opposite side.*)

*Steward.* Indeed, Sir, you had better not see him—'tis farmer Ralph, and he's only come with an excuse to save his rent.

*Mr. Dorville.* This is what I am always told, when any of my tenants call—how am I to expect personal attachment from them, if they are never admitted to see me?

*Steward.* I beg pardon, Sir, but 'the Nabob's' steward has ordered all his rents to be paid up, and I'm sure he's not so much in want of the money as you are, so' I thought it my duty—

*Mr. Dorville.* And so it was—you are right—you have done your duty, and I must do mine—it's the duty of the steward to take care of the landlord, and of the landlord to take care of his tenant.

B—SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter RALPH.*

*Mr. Dorville.* So, Ralph—how fares it my honest fellow—I am heartily glad to see you—bring him a tankard of the old stout—and take care there's toast and nutmeg—I know that Ralph likes it so. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Ralph.* So I do, your honour—so I do—but only think of your remembering that!

*Mr. Dorville.* Your wife and family, Ralph, how are they?

*Ralph.* Ah! your honour, I lost my poor dame last Candlemas.

*Re-enter a Servant with the tankard.*

*Mr. Dorville.* I am sorry for it—I am sorry for it—well, Ralph, we must drink peace to her memory.

*Ralph.* If your honour pleases—to be sure they say folks alter, else she was not much given to peace in her life-time—I miss'd her sadly at first—she was so chatty, so quarrelsome, kept up such a buzzing every night—what a man's us'd to, your honour, is second nature.

*Mr. Dorville.* You have had fine weather for your harvest.

*Ralph.* Yes, your honour, but it has burnt the turnips—and I had one of the prettiest crops—to be sure it's a fine season for the wheat, the oats and the barley, but as for me, the crop I've lost would have gone a long way towards my rent, so I was thinking to axe you for a little more time; it was your honour who put me into the farm, and lent me the money to stock it; and now I be just peeping above ground, as a body may say, to be dash'd—

*Mr.*

*Mr. Dorville.* Well, well, Ralph, you shall have till the next quarter.—Here is Lady Esther, come, you shall pay your respects to her.

*Ralph.* Not now—I humbly thank your honour—not now—the steward has been talking to her I know;—mayhap he has told her my errand, and he is no friend of mine.

*Mr. Dorville.* Another time then—as you please.

*Ralph.* Heaven bless your honour—but this is nothing new—you are always so—and to all of us—there is not a creature, man or boy—woman or child, that can speak of you with a dry eye!

*Mr. Dorville.* I thank thee, Ralph—I thank thee. Good day, my honest fellow—good day.

[*Exit Ralph.*]

SCENE III. *Enter Lady ESTHER DORVILLE.*

*Lady Est.* (*To Mr. Dorville.*) Ralph has been here—you have excused him his rent, I dare say—and the steward tells me that he is without money to pay the tradesmen.

*Mr. Dorville.* Ralph has been unfortunate in his crop, my dear, and he has only asked till the next quarter.

*Lady Est.* How can it be otherwise—instead of letting your farms to the most substantial men in the parish, is there a single tenant who had a capital of his own?

*Mr. Dorville.* Is there a single tenant who is without one now? These little advances have supplied their industry with means.—You, yourself, have frequently confessed with pleasure, that many a poor fellow, who must have remained idle without this aid, has grown up into cheerfulness and independence. The gloom and discontent



which preyed on my mind, while sluggish and inactive, these pursuits have changed to confidence and gaiety.—Can you reproach me?—you, who remember what I was, and see what I am; would you have me again mean, suspicious, harsh, cruel, and vindictive—the slave of passion, the creature of caprice.

*Re-enter RALPH.*

*Ralph.* Sir, Sir, such an accident—the stage coach from London, loaded with passengers, inside and out, has overset just at the park-gate! such a fight of them—there be bones broke surely.

*Mr. Dorville.* At the park-gate, do you say?—let all the servants follow me directly. [*Exit.*

*Lady Est.* (*calling to him.*) Mr. Dorville! Mr. Dorville!—Always something to interrupt us, I never have his conversation for two minutes together;—his time and fortune are lavish'd on every stranger he meets, while, in order to check his feelings, I am obliged to disguise my own, and my anxiety on his account makes me appear to every one else peevish and unfeeling. Eh, why the people are coming here from the stage. He has asked them to the house I dare say; he asks every body he meets.

*Susan.* A chaise, I said a chaise—(*behind the scenes.*)

*Lizard.* You said a chaise indeed?

*Lady Est.* The whole place is in an uproar—they take the house for an inn.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Mr. DORVILLE, with LIZARD and SUSAN, (Lizard's coat torn, and her dress in disorder.)*

*Susan.* This comes of the stage—I told you that you ought to take a chaise, you know I did, and so did Jem and Jerry.

*Liz.*

*Liz.* Yes, yes; you all suggested a chaise, but you suggested no means of paying for it—‘ and I ‘ thought your advice like that of most other ‘ people, very pretty in theory, but of no use in ‘ practice.’

*Mr. Dorville.* I am afraid, Sir, you are the greatest sufferer of the party.

*Lizard.* I am indeed, Sir.

*Mr. Dorville.* No serious injury I hope.

*Lizard.* A very serious one, Sir.

*Mr. Dorville.* How! where!

*Lizard.* Where I am most vulnerable, Sir.

*Mr. Dorville.* Where you are most vulnerable?

*Lizard.* Yes, Sir! in my wardrobe!

*Mr. Dorville.* In your wardrobe! I am glad it is no worse.

*Lizard.* Sir, I don’t think it can be worse, I never saw a worse rent in the whole course of my life; a pretty pickle we are in to pay a visit to a Nabob; then to go a foot, when the stage could have dropp’d us so neatly at the park gate.

*Mr. Dorville.* What is the rich eastern squire, our neighbour, Mr. Torrid, arrived.

*Lizard.* Yes, Sir, just arrived; my eyes have been rivetted to Lloyd’s List for the last three months, and the wind no sooner chopped fair for the homeward-bound, than I trundled my daughter and self into the stage; the stage overfet, and instead of finding myself in the house of a Nabob, I was lodged in a ditch on the opposite side of the road.

*Mr. Dorville.* He expects you then?

*Lizard.* No, Sir—I mean to surprize him with the sudden appearance of myself and family; three sons and a daughter, a snug and compact little knot. ‘ I mean my son, the doctor, to settle in

‘ the county under the patronage of the Nabob,  
 ‘ and if you are not engaged in the faculty, give  
 ‘ me leave to recommend him.—Jem’s a clever  
 ‘ fellow, I assure you—just written a book on  
 ‘ atmospheres—here’s his card—eh—how—no—  
 ‘ this is Jerry’s—that’s my son the architect, never  
 ‘ miss an opportunity of recommending the family.

‘ *Susan. (endeavouring to stop him).* Hush,  
 ‘ hush.—Aye, now he’s off about the family, its  
 ‘ impossible to stop him.

*Lizard.* ‘ The doctor occupies the right-hand  
 ‘ pocket, and the architect the left;—perhaps you  
 ‘ have seen Jerry’s book of plans, a correct,  
 ‘ compact little thing in its way; if any  
 ‘ friend of yours should want a house, my life  
 ‘ for it, something there will hit.’—Will your  
 ladyship give me leave to introduce my daughter  
 —a clever girl, tho’ I say it, head teacher at Mrs.  
 Monsoon’s:—You have heard of Mrs. Monsoon,  
 that parent of science and needlework, who fits  
 out the young ladies for India, keeps the first  
 school in town, a fine situation!—not a girl there  
 but costs her parents a fortune in dress and accom-  
 plishments, and, as my son Jack says, they know  
 more of life at sixteen than their grandmothers do  
 at sixty.—Ey gad—there goes the coat again.—  
 How shall I get to the Nabob’s.

*Mr. Dorville.* I can lend you a coat, ‘ there is  
 ‘ no difficulty in that, and my dear, you will take  
 ‘ care of the daughter.

*Lizard.* ‘ Lend me a coat—no difficulty in  
 ‘ that? upon my soul, Sir, as Jack says, I have  
 ‘ always found the getting a coat the most diffi-  
 ‘ cult thing in life.’

*Lady Est.* I am sure, my dear, that your coat  
 will never fit that gentleman.

*Lizard.*



*Lizard.* Not fit? not fit? I never saw the coat that would not fit me. Mine is a sort of Monmouth-street back, as Jack says—nothing comes amiss to it. (*Exeunt Mr. Dorville and Lizard.*)

*Lady Est.* So, so! the man will walk off with the coat, and his daughter will be left on our hands.—Head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's—a desirable companion (*aside*)—if Mrs. Monsoon's school is so expensive, I suppose your scholars are more select than numerous.

*Susan.* Pardon me, my lady, the more expensive the school, the more numerous the scholars.—Let me see—we have about thirty in the Indian department alone.

*Lady Est.* Indian department!—what can you mean?

*Susan.* How ignorant people are in the country! (*aside.*) Why, Mem, some of our young ladies are destined on a matrimonial speculation for India, that we call the Indian Department! they are kept quite distinct, and are got up in a particular way—they are to be creatures all fancy and fascination—to be sure one ought to have the eyes of Argus for such an undertaking; no longer ago than last season we sent out a young lady to Bengal, actually bespoke, and freighted out at the expence of the richest man in India, and, would you believe it, she threw herself away upon a beggarly cadet, the chance companion of her voyage, instead of flying to the arms of a man worth half a million. But Mr. Dorville was so good as to say, (*holding up the skirt of her gown,*) Ah! poor Mr. Dorville, family grievances are not a pleasant topic, as we tell our young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's—or else I should beg leave to ask of your  
ladyship

ladyship if there is any truth in the report that about sixteen years ago Mr. Dorville was a little— You understand me—I would not dwell on such a subject for the world.

*Lady Est.* I perceive you would not.

*Susan.* My only reason for enquiring is, that your ladyship may give me an opportunity of contradicting it from the first authority—for instance, the people were saying in the stage that Mr. Dorville had been crost in his first love—that he somehow separated in a strange way from a lady he was either married, or contracted to, and that he married your ladyship in a moment of pique and resentment. I am sure your ladyship knows my motive for repeating these things. That after a few months of frenzy and desperation, his temper totally changed, and from being morose, sul- len, and suspicious, he is become—

*Lady Est.* You forget that you are not now in the stage. (*Shewing her out.*)

*Susan.* Ah that stage—I beg pardon my lady; but I hope you wont take any notice that I came down in the stage. If our young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's were to hear that I travelled in a stage coach, they would lose all respect for me ever after. (*Exit.*)

*Lady Est.* (*following Susan as she goes out.*) These are the fruits of Mr. Dorville's good temper. A good-tempered man in a house is like a weather- cock on the top of it, of use to every body but the inhabitants. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

SCENE V. *The Hall of a magnificent House: Sumptuous Furniture, &c. (A Number of Servants cross the Stage with Baggage, &c.)*

*Enter Mr. TORRID, as just arrived.*

*Torrid.* Here's sumptuousness! here's magnificence! here's a contrast! it is now three and twenty years since I passed this identical spot on my road to India. I had then a better opportunity of admiring the beauties of the country; for instead of travelling in a coach and four, I walked the whole way. (*Servants cross with baggage.*) My baggage then was no great incumbrance, I carried all myself, it dangled in a handkerchief over the left shoulder at the end of a stick;—but now at my return I have baggage enough to freight an Indiaman, a house large enough to receive the whole county, 'and an estate,—order my ' horses, I'll ride round it before dinner, on second ' thoughts I may as well not,—for though I have ' horses, I don't very well know how to ride;—no, ' no—not the horses but the phaeton,—there's a ' little objection to that too—for though I have a ' phaeton I don't know how to drive,—but my son ' shall drive me.—Aye! there in Henry, I am secure! not a creature can whisper a syllable about ' his education,—I have bred him a gentleman at ' least,' and if I can but prevail on 'him,' " my son Henry," to marry into a family of distinction—I may sit down in a calm and dignified repose for the rest of my life,—and now to view my magnificence above stairs.—(*Exit up the stair-case into another room.*)



SCENE VI. *Enter Rosa and Henry,—as just arrived.*

*Rosa.* Why, Henry! why will you talk to me thus? Its so unkind of you to press me, when you know I have all the difficulty in the world to refuse you.

*Henry.* The difficulty is of your own creation, —I see you have caught the coldness of this climate, we are in England now, the attentions which you condescended to accept during the voyage, are become irksome on shore.

*Rosa.* Nay, nay, it is poor Rosa who has most cause to fear, I sometimes think you only lik'd me, because there was no other woman in the ship.

*Henry.* Cruel Rosa! can you thus assume a playfulness when the happiness of my life is at stake and in your power.

*Rosa.* Ah, Henry, in my power do you say? It might be so in India, but we are in England now, in England, where the women are all so fair, so beautiful! in every face I see a rival; and every rival so gay, so joyous, that I hang down my head in silence and in melancholy.

*Henry.* It was that soft melancholy which stole upon my heart, in your mother's last illness, Rosa, can I forget the graces of filial piety which then beamed around you.

*Rosa.* Your generous sympathy was then my only comfort: when I was in tears dejected, desperate, it was your hand, Henry, which rais'd and supported me.

*Henry.* Why, why then persist in leaving us? why will you not consent to be mine? if our union

had once taken place, my father would be reconciled.

*Rosa.* No, Henry—an orphan—a stranger without a friend, without a name—I never can: the dark cloud which hangs over my life and fortune—

*Henry.* Will soon be remov'd—the letter which you have brought to Lady Dorville—

*Rosa.* Alas! I am yet ignorant of the contents: I only know they are of importance, as your father tells me; that letter was the subject of my poor mother's last request to him.

*Henry.* Lady Esther—or Mr. Dorville, is related to her probably, if so—

*Rosa.* No! that hope she destroy'd, to secure me from disappointment—the calamities of her early life—the cause of her exile!—All! all is at present wrapt in mystery—my memory only tells me that she was persecuted, and my heart assures me she was innocent—to your father she has disclosed every particular of her story, and his studied reserve on every question I can put to him, is a new ground of alarm—here he is—he seems disturbed, I will not ask him for the letter now, I will see you once again before I go to Mr. Dorville's, but while thus abject, thus desolate—I never will be yours.

*Henry.* How little do you value my happiness, when you can thus sacrifice it to a romantic prejudice. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Mr. Torrid, followed by a Servant.*

*Torrid.* Eh!—how—who do you say?

*Servant.* Sir—the gentleman says his name is Lizard.

*Torrid.* If it should be that scoundrel, what sort of man is he—this stranger?

*Servant.* Why, sir, for a stranger, he seems to make himself pretty much at home, for he has order'd the boot-jack, and call'd for biscuits and Madeira!

*Torrid.* The devil he has—then I'm sure 'tis he—how unlucky that he should find me out already. (*Enter a second Servant.*)

*2d Servant.* Sir, the gentleman below says, he's the oldest friend you have in the world—and that he's all impatience to see you!

*Torrid.* Zounds, sirrah!—why did you say I was at home—send him away—yet if he should betray me—the scoundrel knows he has me in his power—Lissom—Lissom did you say?

*1st Servant.* No, Sir, Lizard.

*Torrid.* Oh, Lizard, Lizard. [*running to meet him.*]

#### SCENE VIII. *Enter Lizard.*

*Torrid.* My dear fellow, is it you?—I am delighted to see you—how are you? how have you been? where have you been? how unkind not to write—

*Lizard.* Not write! I wrote by every packet.

*Torrid.* Why, I never received a line!

*Lizard.* I was not much surpriz'd at your silence—Most of my letters were applications for money, and somehow or other letters of that sort are very apt to miscarry.

*Torrid.* Ah!—its a long time since we met—  
'you are in your prime still, smug and florid.'

*Lizard.* 'A long time indeed! I can't return  
'the compliment, you are sadly alter'd! when I  
'left India, you was a hale hearty fellow—with a  
'good complexion and a good pair of legs—but  
'now



'now the bile has taken possession of the citadel,  
'hoisted the yellow flag, and, as for your legs, they  
'are no better than a couple of toothpicks.'

*Torrid.* They are stout enough to kick you  
'down stairs if I had the spirit to do it.' (*aside.*)

*Lizard.* What did you say about spirit?—Let  
me see—its about six and thirty years since you  
and I were rival devils together in the office of old  
Plagiary the Printer.

*Torrid.* Yes—but never mind that now!

*Lizard.* We were discharg'd from our inden-  
tures on his elevation to the pillory.

*Torrid.* Why will you dwell on these things  
now?

*Lizard.* Do you remember it?—I remember it  
well! a glorious fight! and such was our zeal for  
the administration of justice, that though we had  
serv'd him five years—no two fellows there, were  
more active in the distribution of eggs.

*Torrid.* Zounds! don't talk so loud—you'll  
be overheard—

*Lizard.* We then started on a peripatetic survey  
of the country, in search of an establishment—I  
think I see you now trudging along with our joint  
wardrobe, at the end of our common stick—these  
are pleasing recollections.

*Torrid.* Very pleasing! what a memory you  
have!

*Lizard.* Every little circumstance respecting  
you made such an impression.—

*Torrid.* You are very kind.

*Lizard.* I felt the same interest as if it con-  
cern'd myself.

*Torrid.* That is too good of you.

*Lizard.*

*Lizard.* Yes---yes---I kept my eye constantly fixed on you---your contracts for your rice---your opium---your bullocks---nothing escaped me.

*Torrid.* I dare say not---egad!

*Lizard.* Eh, thought I---there he is, dear creature, broiling in the tropics, bartering his conscience, destroying his constitution, selling himself to the devil, and all for my sake.

*Torrid.* For your sake! (*retreating with surprise and indignation.*)

*Lizard.* Ours, you know, is a partnership account—

*Torrid.* Partnership account! why, zounds, you don't mean—you don't venture---you don't pretend to say—

*Lizard.* Briefly this---You are in possession of wealth, and I of the secret by which it was acquired, that I call a partnership account; not that I have been idle myself—No. No. I shall bring my whole treasure into the firm---Torrid, Lizard, and Co.

*Torrid.* Torrid, Lizard, and Co.!

*Lizard.* Yes, three sons and a daughter—all educated for the purpose, all for your benefit;—there's a Co. for you—my whole family.

*Torrid.* For my benefit—Zounds, what have I to do with your family?—What's your family to me?

*Lizard.* What's my family to you!—why, I bred my eldest son to physic—Jem will take care of your health;—my next an architect—Jerry will build you a house;—as for Jack—

*Torrid.* Zounds, I shall be devoured alive.

*Lizard.* He's a man of letters, and shall write your life; a man who has made a rapid fortune in India should always have somebody to write his life;

life; why, even your life might be made to look well in history; as Jack says, there's many an honest fellow in history, that living would not have been trusted with sixpence.—Then for my daughter——

*Torrid.* Hush, hush—my son Henry coming this way by all that's unlucky.

*Lizard.* Your son! the very person I wished to see; you must introduce me to him.

*Torrid.* But you'll be secret.

*Lizard.* On what terms?

*Torrid.* Name them.

*Lizard.* An apartment in the house.

*Torrid.* An apartment in my house! (*with indignation at first, and then relaxing into an assumed complacency*)—well—well—you shall—to be sure you shall. Who waits there! who waits! Shew this gentleman his room.

*Lizard.* And a room for Jem.

*Torrid.* One for Jem! What, another! Well, you shall—to be sure you shall.

*Lizard.* Jem's a clever fellow, I assure you—written a book on atmospheres; what we used to call in the office a neat little article, small octavo pocket size, proves to demonstration that all our diseases arise from breathing the air of the atmosphere.

*Torrid.* Never mind Jem and the atmosphere now—I shall go mad—(*endeavouring to put him out.*)

*Lizard.* One for Jerry.

*Torrid.* Ridiculous! impossible! I'll not submit---Yes, yes, you shall---I must appease him for the present. [*Aside.*]

*Lizard.* Jerry's a great man in his line, such a head for building and improvements, run you up  
a house



a house in no time; to be sure, as Jack says, the moderns know how to build houses, and our ancestors knew how to live in them. Aye, Jack will be your favourite; says more good things than any man; I have a parcel of his impromptus in my pocket.—I must have a couple of horses for Jack.

*Torrid.* You shall---you shall---it's in vain to contend till I can hit on something decisive.

*Lizard.* Then for my daughter!

*Torrid.* What, your daughter too!

*Lizard.* She is head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's.

*Torrid.* Zounds, never mind Mrs. Monsoon now.

*Lizard.* What a happy fellow you'll be---your house full of the family---there will be Jem and Susan, and---but Jack will be your favourite, I know he will. Mark my words, Jack will be your favourite. *[Exit.*

*Torrid. (following)* The plague seize Jack, Jem, Susan, and the whole race of them.

#### END OF ACT I.

ACT

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Library at Mr. Dorville's.*

*Enter Mr. DORVILLE, followed by FRANK and the Steward.*

*Mr. Dorville.* How, Frank, you, you apply to my steward to indorse a note for five hundred pounds.

*Steward.* Yes, he did, Sir—here it is—its the way of them all, and so I tell you, but you'll never believe me.

*Mr. Dorville. (taking the note)* You, Frank, whom I have held up as a pattern of industry, to be giving a note for five hundred pounds.

*Frank.* Do but hear me, your honour, do but hear me; you know I rented a farm which now belongs to the Nabob.

*Steward.* Yes, Sir, his lease is out, and because he had a good pennyworth of it, for the last seven years, he wants it for seven years more!

*Frank.* No, I don't, your honour—no I don't—I should not mind an advance of rent—an advance of rent is but fair—when an estate is improved, the landlord has a right to his share as well as the tenant; but to call on me all at once for five hundred pounds.

*Mr. Dorville.* For five hundred pounds.

*Frank.* Five hundred pounds is what he asks for renewing the lease.

*Steward.* And a very reasonable sum too.

*Mr. Dorville.* What, then, if instead of the five hundred pounds, he had raised the rent

‘one hundred pounds a year, you could have paid it.’

‘*Frank.* Yes, your honour, yes, I always look’d to an advance of rent.’

‘*Steward.* So he says, Sir, and so they all say.’

*Frank.* I offer’d him my note for the money, your honour, and as he refused to take it, I made so bold to call and ask your honour’s steward to put his name to it; to be sure it’s a little hard, after I have lived in the parish so many years, and paid every body their own, to have the farm let over my head, and my wife and children turned adrift.

*Mr. Dorville.* No, they shall not; (*goes to the table, and writes on the note.*) I’ll put my name to the note.

*Steward.* Why, Sir, this is not your farm; he and his wife have no claim on you for it!

*Mr. Dorville.* Yes they have! in my mind an honest couple, who have given six children to their country, and reared them in habits of humble industry, have claims on the assistance of every man in it.

*Frank.* How! you? your! your name upon the note?

*Mr. Dorville.* I have not the money; but this will satisfy him as well.

*Steward.* But Sir, Sir, if they should demand payment?

*Mr. Dorville.* I’ll see Mr. Torrid myself, and explain it to him.

*Frank.* What does your honour really mean?

*Mr. Dorville.* Nay, nay Frank, it is but a loan; you’ll lay by the money, and soon repay me?

*Frank.* I would speak if I could, your honour, I would indeed.

*Mr.*



*Mr. Dorville.* If you were turned out of the farm, I should have the whole family thrown upon me, so that you see I am an œconomist, Frank. Nay, nay, no thanks: do not distress me; go with my steward, my good fellow.

*Frank.* I don't thank you, I don't attempt to thank you, your honour; I am not such a fool as to attempt to thank you, but I will pray for you, and my wife shall pray for you, and my children shall pray for you.

*Mr. DORVILLE puts out FRANK on one side, as*

--- SCENE II ---

*Lady ESTHER, with a Servant, enters on the other.*

*Lady Est. (to the Servant)* Sir Harry Fleetly, do you say?

*Servant.* Yes, Ma'am; he has just driven to the door, and a gentleman with him.

*Lady Est.* What, Mr. Dorville, have you ask'd Sir Harry Fleetly to the house?

*Mr. Dorville.* Not I: but you know he's a man of fashion, and never stays for an invitation; he brings himself and his friends, when it suits his convenience; do you receive him, and leave the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter Sir HARRY FLEETLY & JACK LIZARD.*

*Sir Harry.* Nine hours, fifty-nine minutes, and fifty-three seconds, by my watch, and I stopped the whole way, (*re-enter Lady Esther, they bow.*) pretty good going for the last hundred.

*Lady Est.* Some important motive, no doubt, to cause such haste.

*Sir Harry.* O yes; to look at a horse!

*Lady Est.* Two hundred miles to look at a horse!

*Sir Harry.* Jack says his points are perfect—and he knows. I must introduce him—Lady Esther this is my friend, Jack Tacid---Jack, this is Lady Esther Dorville—Jack is the most useful fellow breathing; if you want a carriage built, dogs train'd, or horses broke, there's not his match; he is every thing at the club---Lord Spot's ponies and pointers were all his chusing---but what we most admire is his talent for conversation.

*Lady Est.* I am glad to hear it; a pleasant companion is such an acquisition in the country.

*Sir Harry.* A pleasant companion? he's the best companion breathing---he never opens his mouth; Jack's the only man I know that can hold his tongue amusingly.

*Lady Est.* How.

*Sir Harry.* O he's not one of your damn'd profling clever fellows, who are always on the watch for a good thing, as they call it; I hate wit, it always spoils society: your clever fellow is a Bore that I constantly blackball. Why the other day, in spite of all I could do, they let a couple into the club, and instead of eating their dinner quietly, they were going off the whole time like a pair of castanets in a fandango, and kept up such a whizzing about our ears, that Lord Spot and a score of us sent in our resignation, and take our mutton quietly at another shop.

*Lady Est.* Now that you have let your house in this neighbourhood, Sir Harry, I did

did not expect the pleasure of seeing you—I was quite—

*Sir Harry.* Yes, I have let the house, but I keep the stabling and paddocks—the prettiest run for brood mares in all England—is'nt it Jack, (*Jack nods*) then the fruit and game pays the expence.

*Lady Est.* What, do you sell your fruit and game?

*Sir Harry.* We all do—don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

*Lady Est.* True, but you have the house in Suffolk, which is, I have heard, the best situation of the two.

*Sir Harry.* So it is—nets me a clean 500—does'nt it Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

*Lady Est.* How? with a clear unincumber'd estate of 6000 pounds a year—do you let both the family seats?

*Sir Harry.* Family seats, why they only lead to expence, eh, Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

*Lady Est.* And you have no country house?

*Sir Harry.* Nor town house either.

*Lady Est.* What, have you let the house in the square?

*Sir Harry.* To be sure; we can't maintain houses, can we Jack?—No, there's no affording to have a house now—Posting is so dear. (*Jack nods.*)

*Lady Est.* Where then is your residence?

*Sir Harry.* If by residence you mean where do I dress, I have lodgings in Bond-street, and occasional apartments at all the watering places.—Or if by residence you mean where do I usually sleep, I generally post in the night, and sleep in my carriage, we all do—don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

*Lady Est.* In your carriage?



*Sir Harry.* Yes---I can't bear to be stationary, we none of us can, and I verily believe that to breathe the same air for twenty-four-hours would be the death of me---it would be the death of all of us, would not it Jack?---Of this, at least, I am sure, that I should have no appetite, and what would be life without an appetite?

*Lady Est.* Perhaps we have staid in this air too long already---Mr. Dorville is within---Mr. Tacid will attend us---change of air is, I suppose, just as necessary to your friend as to yourself.

*Sir Harry.* No, faith---I will say that for Jack---his appetite never fails, and I'll tell you how I account for it---most people have two ways of using their mouths, now, as he never speaks, he has but one, and in that one he makes up for both! [*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lady Esther---as Jack Lizard is following*]

—SCENE IV.—

*Enter SUSAN on the opposite Side.*

*Susan.* Hift---hif---it certainly is---why brother this is unexpected indeed---did you come with Sir Harry?

*Jack Liz.* Hush---hush---I did!

*Susan.* This it is to be a man of talents---its an introduction to the first society.

*Jack Liz.* Hush---hush! or you'll ruin me---talents an introduction!

*Susan.* Aye, I suppose it was your last pamphlet introduced you to Sir Harry?

*Jack Liz.* My last pamphlet---if Sir Harry suspected me of being able to put two sentences together---he'd drop me at the first turnpike.

*Susan.*

*Susan.* What, then it was your taste for Poetry?  
---I always said that you was a pretty poet---and  
so us'd all the young ladies at Mrs. Monsoon's.

*Jack.* No, Suzy---the most useful piece of  
knowledge I ever learnt, was to affect ignorance---  
I have made my way with Sir Harry, and the  
whole set, by constantly appearing to have an in-  
ferior understanding to theirs---they fancy I am a  
dull illiterate fellow; and make me their butt for-  
footh.---

*Susan.* Well now---I can't put up with that---  
if any of our young ladies, at Mrs. Monsoon's, make  
a butt of me, I always lose my temper.

*Jack.* Pshaw---as their jokes are without point,  
I never triumph so much as when the laugh is  
against me.

*Susan.* Eh!---here is my father.

#### SCENE V.

*Enter LIZARD.*

*Lizard.* My dear Jack---how fortunate!

*Jack L.* Jack---for the world don't call me  
Jack---If Sir Harry knew I had a poor relation,  
he'd suspect some design, and cut directly---

*Susan.* Jack came down with Sir Harry Fleetly  
---is his intimate friend.

*Lizard.* 'I know it, I know it, I have heard of  
'his new silent nodding acquiescing character---  
'the rogue!!!'---Aye, these are the fruits of the edu-  
cation I have given you all---a liberal education,  
sent you all to the best schools, and least they  
should spoil you by indulgence---never paid a six-  
pence after the first quarter---oh, there's nothing  
like giving children a liberal education.

*Jack Liz.*

*Jack Liz.* Liberal enough, you taught us life as the Indians teach their children to swim, they seize them by the nape of the neck as soon as born, and chuck them into the water to shift for themselves.

*Lizard.* Aye, and they always swim—what, you got my letter, Jack, eh?

*Jack Liz.* Yes, it was that brought me down with Sir Harry—but what are you doing in this part of the country; why send for me in such haste.

*Lizard.* To introduce you to a nabob.

*Jack Liz.* What's the story of this nabob?

*Susan.* Aye, father, what's the story of this nabob.

*Lizard.* In the first place, I mean that Susan should marry his son.

*Susan.* I, I marry the son of a nabob?

*Lizard.* In the next place, I mean that you should marry an Indian heiress, who is his ward.

*Jack Liz.* But, how am I to marry his ward?

*Susan.* How am I to marry his son?

*Jack Liz.* What is your influence over her (*rapidly, on each side of Lizard.*)

*Susan.* What is your influence over him?

*Lizard.* Secrets, secrets all; in the first place, this heiress is one whose fortune is a secret even to herself.

*Jack Liz.* How? a secret?

*Lizard.* Yes, a secret, which you shall hear from me, and she from you.

*Susan.* But the young nabob is in possession of his fortune?

*Lizard.* And I of the secret by which it was acquired; come with me, and I'll introduce you both directly.

*Jack Liz.* Father, you are a great man!!!

*Lizard.*



*Lizard.* You compliment, Jack, you compliment.

*Jack Liz.* I feel the kindred spirit mounting.

*Susan.* So do I; I'll go and put on my cloaths directly, that is, Lady Esther's cloaths I mean.

*Lizard.* Your hands (*takes one of each*) courage, and the day's our own.

*Jack Liz. and Susan.* We'll not degenerate father, we'll not degenerate.

*Lizard.* If the doctor and the architect were here, my happiness would be complete; what a book Jem's is, proves to demonstration—(*Jack Liz. stops his mouth.*) what a head Jerry has for building and improvements—(*Susan stops his mouth*) diseases arise! run you up a house! (*they alternately stop his mouth as they are going off.*) To be sure there never was such a family!!

SCENE VI. *At Mr. Torrid's.*

*Enter Mr. TORRID.*

*Torrid.* Some fatality is sure to attend me, whenever I mean to be honest; just at the moment I was about to keep my promise to Rosa's mother, and deliver the letter to Lady Esther Dorville, this rascal Lizard comes across me, and makes it necessary that I should suppress the letter, and every syllable of her story for my own safety, 'yet the knave, with a natural ridicule in his character, which one must laugh at, has an acquired shrewdness which I cannot but fear.'

SCENE VII. *Enter HENRY.*

*Henry.* I am happy, Sir, to find you alone; in one word, the future happiness of my life hangs on the present moment! If Rosa leaves the house,

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an opportunity is lost which I may never meet again. I flatter myself that your consent is only wanting to our union. (*Lizard, behind servants' hall, shew me to the servants' hall.*) What noise is this?

*Torrid.* That rascal Lizard again.

SCENE VIII. *Enter LIZARD, pursuing the Servant.*

*Lizard.* The servants' hall! shew me to the servants' hall, is this treatment for your master's friend, the oldest friend he has in the world!

*Torrid.* So, so—it will all come out, leave the room, Sir. [*Exit servant.*]

*Lizard.* Leave the house! is this treatment for your master's partner?

*Henry.* How?

*Torrid.* Hush—hush—hush!

*Lizard.* Yes, Sir, my name is Lizard, the man who sav'd your father's character at the expence of his own; come, come, don't affect ignorance, he must have told you.

*Henry.* What do you mean?

*Torrid.* Don't listen to him, Henry, don't listen to him, for Heaven's sake, silence! (*to Lizard.*)

*Lizard.* Come, come, you know the story, that your father and I started in London together, where our success was so bad, that conscious of our own merit, we thought it must be the effect of the climate; my son Jem the doctor, says there's a great deal in climate; I hope to introduce him to you; a clever fellow I assure you; written a book on atmospheres; proves to demonstration that all our diseases—

*Henry.* (*interrupting him*) For heaven's sake, Sir, proceed in your story; what strange mystery is this?

*Lizard.* What are you really ignorant then? Very odd that.

*Henry.* Go on, go on.

*Lizard.* I will, Sir, I will.—We embarked our capital of industry for India; on our arrival the market was so over-stocked that we were on the point of smothering, when a lady came to a relation at Calcutta with an infant daughter.

*Henry.* A lady with an infant daughter!

*Lizard.* That relation died, and left her his whole fortune, which, by a lucky accident, was put into your father's hands; with this we speculated, succeeded—again speculated, and should have again succeeded, but, from some reports, the lady had suspicions, and she required her money to be produced on the instant; that was impracticable; your father prevailed on me to fly, I consented, we divided the fortune, and I took the whole of the disgrace; he staid in India, I came to England—he's a Nabob, and I'm not worth sixpence.

*Henry.* What do I hear?

*Lizard.* A secret—the whole is a secret—not a syllable has transpired—it is in your power to keep it so;—talk the matter over together—no ceremony with me—I can amuse myself with the biscuits and Madeira. (*goes to the table where the wine is.*)

*Henry.* For heaven's sake, Sir, break this silence, and tell me who—who was the victim?

*Torrid.* Victim! Did I not support her and her mother? (*to Lizard.*)



*Henry.* How! is it then Rosa? is Rosa the victim of your injustice---of my father's injustice? What, if she should have suspicions! What, if she should think me a confederate in the design upon her fortune?---the offer of my hand this morning must have appeared a contemptible artifice, a plot on her affections, by a mean affectation of disinterestedness. Oh, no! I wrong her generous nature, she is without suspicion, and the injury the more atrocious. I know not how to act.

*Torrid.* Henry! I say!

*Henry.* Is it you, Sir, is it my father! who is thus disgrac'd, dishonour'd?

*Torrid.* Dishonour'd! you forget the whole is yet a secret, known only to this man, if he is pacified we are safe.

*Henry.* I know not how to act; to tell her of her wrongs, to disclose the truth---

*Torrid.* Disclose the truth---why what the devil do you mean to expose me to the world---my own son---do you not feel what would be my situation if you should tell?

*Henry.* Believe me, Sir, I do; make any terms with this man, his object is clear. I'll retire, and compose myself, you'll find me in your room; I am over-whelm'd with shame and horror. [*Exit.*]

*Lizard.* (*calling after him*) Sir, Sir,---he seems unwell, has he bad health?

*Torrid.* Pshaw.

*Lizard.* How lucky my son, the doctor, is coming; he'll soon set all to rights. I don't think you look well; it's a very desirable thing to have a medical man always in the family.

*Torrid.* Why would you thus expose me to my son; I would have kept it from him at all events.

*Lizard.*

*Lizard.* I am vastly pleased with that son of your's.

*Torrid.* Scoundrel!

*Lizard.* I have been turning this business over in my mind, and I begin to think that five of us here quartered on you at once may be rather inconvenient.

*Torrid.* Rascal! (*Aside.*)

*Lizard.* That as I have you in my power, there is something mean in taking advantage of it.

*Torrid.* Impudent villain. (*Aside.*)

*Lizard.* Something mercenary, selfish. Now, I hate every thing mercenary or selfish.

*Torrid.* Give me your hand, now that is thinking like a friend.

*Lizard.* But then how are we to manage; my tongue has a desperate itch to be babbling.

*Torrid.* I hope not, I hope not.

*Lizard.* Yes it has—unless—

*Torrid.* Unless what?

*Lizard.* Unless—come, to be concise—unless there's a union of the families.

*Torrid.* A union of the families.

*Lizard.* Yes, it seems you have brought this young heiress to England. Now, in the first place, I mean to propose that you should marry her to one of my sons.

*Torrid.* Whether she consents or not?

*Lizard.* As to her consent, there's no doubt of it; to be sure she will be perplexed in her choice. I should myself; they have all their commendations. Jack's a noble fellow, but then Jerry has such an eye, and the doctor is so insinuating.

*Torrid.* But how is the marriage of Rosa with one of your sons to secure secrecy?

*Lizard.*

*Lizard.* True, it will not; we must go farther.' You have a son and I a daughter.

*Torrid.* Why you don't mean—(*starting to the other end of the stage.*)

*Lizard.* Nothing but their marriage will keep my tongue quiet.

*Torrid.* Their marriage! impossible!

*Lizard.* It's an infirmity, I am sorry for it; nothing but their marriage can keep my tongue quiet. I feel it at work now, at this moment, and yet here in this neighbourhood, where you are come to settle—

*Torrid.* Stay, stay.

*Lizard.* Yes—it's a going—it's a going, and if once off, the devil himself can't stop it.

*Torrid.* Hold, hold, let me consider a moment. Suppose I was to see his daughter, perhaps something might be done with her. [*Aside.*]

*Lizard.* Yes, I have set my heart upon the match.

*Torrid.* Well, well, let me see her then.

*Lizard.* That you shall directly. I don't think I told you she is head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's.

*Torrid.* Yes, yes, you did.

*Lizard.* Come along then; she's below.

*Torrid.* How, below? then there's not a moment to be lost.

*Lizard.* Just what Jem says when he takes up his hat and stick to visit a patient. How I long to have the families united. [*Exit.*]

*Torrid.* (*following him, stops*) I see that this discovery has cut my son to the heart; there is but one resource left to reconcile him and defeat *Lizard.* Yes, I'll consent to Henry's marriage with Rosa, and if I can but pacify *Lizard* till it is



is concluded, or bribe his daughter to assist in my scheme, my character and fortune may yet be safe. [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Opens to a magnificent Drawing-Room at Mr. Torrid's, with folding Doors in the Centre.*

*Enter HENRY.*

*Henry.* It is but a few hours since life appeared to me as a gay vision of the fairest hue. I had from nature a mind open to enjoyment, and fortune seemed to have done her part; my father's circumstances were affluent, and my young heart exulted in the hope of raising her I lov'd, from a condition of dependence, to be the wife of my bosom, the partner of my prosperity. My imagination expanded at the thought, I seem'd to tread the air. Alas, how chang'd, how fallen! (*Rosa singing behind the scenes*). 'Tis Rosa! the sweet melody of her voice quite overpowers me.

Majestic rose the god of day

In yon bright burnish'd sky,

Old Ocean kindled at the ray,

And heav'd himself on high:

On the deck Henry stood,

To view the swelling tide,

Ah—no—Henry—no!

He thought not of the flood,

'Twas Rosa by his side.

(*Rosa*

*(Rosa enters, and sings the second stanza on the stage.)*

Now softly sunk the setting sun  
Beneath his wat'ry bed,  
The evening watch was hush'd and done,  
The pilot "hung his head."  
On the deck Rosa staid  
To view the waters glide,  
Ah—no—Rosa—no!  
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,  
'Twas Henry by her side.

*Rosa.* How do you shun me, Henry! I shall not be long here to importune you.

*Henry.* I thought you were already gone to Mr. Dorville's.

*Rosa.* Would you then have suffered me to go without seeing you again? Do you wish me gone?

*Henry.* I do—yet stay—before you leave the house let me entreat your pardon for what passed this morning.

*Rosa.* My pardon, what do you mean? I know and feel the disparity of our condition.

*Henry.* Disparity indeed! *(with deep concern.)*

*Rosa.* You are in affluence, I am poor and dependant.

*Henry.* That dependance I cannot think of without shame and horror! I have hitherto forbore to press you with unnecessary questions—but your mother—Do you remember her coming to India? Do you remember her situation? as to fortune I mean?

*Rosa.*

*Rosa.* I was too young to have any recollection of it, but she once told me that the best part of her uncle's property had been confided to your father, and lost by the treachery of one of his agents. I never prest her on the subject, as she studiously concealed from me every particular of her life. I was only admitted to share her tears, and not her confidence.

*Henry.* Then this man's story is confirmed to the full extent.

*Rosa.* What can you mean? You seem agitated! You seem unwell!

*Henry.* I am indeed! sick, sick at heart—do not despise me *Rosa*, and yet I deserve it at your hands.

*Rosa.* You *Henry*! you deserve it! at my hands! you, from whose generosity I have found protection!

*Henry.* Protection? Do you call it protection? Go to Mr. Dorville's, leave this house immediately, every being here is tainted with falsehood and dishonour.

*Rosa.* With falsehood and dishonour?—You are not going *Henry*? you are not going to leave me without some explanation?

*Henry.* You shall hear from me, *Rosa*; I will write to you; I will reveal a mystery which involves the conduct of one, whom however culpable, I am bound to revere. I am unequal to the tale of horror; it shall be disclosed to you by letter. *Rosa! Rosa!* you will learn too soon that I am the most unfortunate of human beings. [Exit.

*Rosa.* *Henry*—stay, stay, I entreat of you—you, you unfortunate? what then am I? what then is *Rosa*? Did he not tell me to go to

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Mr.



Mr. Dorville's, to leave this house? did he not say it was tainted with falsehood and dishonour? Yes Henry, I understand you: his father has refused his consent to our marriage, and will no longer suffer me to remain under his roof; he shall be obey'd; I will obtain from him my mother's letter to Lady Esther Dorville, and then these doors are clos'd on me for ever.

## END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room at Mr. TORRID'S.**Enter ROSA.*

*Rosa.* Strange that I can no where see Mr. Torrid, to ask him for this letter.

SCENE II. *Enter SUSAN.*

*Susan.* Mr. Torrid! did you wish to see Mr. Torrid, Miss? he's engag'd at present with my father upon some business in which I am a little interested—Oh, that must have been you I heard singing, Miss—you have a very pretty voice, only you speak too plain when you sing—bless me, I understood every word. You are just come from India, I hear, and you knew Mr. Torrid there, I believe?

*Rosa.* Yes, I did.

*Susan.* And his son too?

*Rosa.* I came over in the same ship with him.

*Susan.* I am told that he is a very personable young man.

*Rosa.* Yes, yes, he is—but why do you enquire?

*Susan.* I protest that I am glad to hear it! and pray Miss, and if I may take the liberty, what age is he?

*Rosa.* About five and twenty—but why should you ask?

*Susan.* Five and twenty!—I am glad of it!

*Rosa.* Glad of it!

*Susan.* And pray, Miss, what sort of a man is he? is he tall or short—fair or brown?—What sort of complexion has he? What is the colour of his hair?

*Rosa.* I don't know! I can't tell! (what does the woman mean by these questions, surely she has some design on Henry.) [aside.

*Susan.* Oh! you'll excuse me, Miss—but I see you was not brought up at Mrs. Monsoon's—why, there's not one of our young ladies but would have answer'd all these questions, and look'd him over, as we call it, in five minutes conversation with him.

*Rosa.* Yes, yes, she has certainly some design on him. What a fright she is!

SCENE III. *Enter LIZARD, followed by the Servant.*

*Servant.* I told you, Sir, my master was not here!

*Lizard.* But the young lady is, Sir—the very person I wished to see; give me leave to introduce my daughter, Miss—What! she has introduced herself—brought her here at the request of the Nabob—Here he is, Suzy, coming to make proposals for his son!

*Rosa.* Proposals for his son?

*Lizard.* Yes, for his son to marry my daughter; they were contracted to each other in the cradle.

*Rosa.* I'll not believe it! yet how strange was Henry's conduct! can this be the mystery he talk'd of?

*Lizard.* Here comes Mr. Torrid, you may ask him; 'gad, here's a little attachment which may stand in our way.

*Rosa.*



*Rosa.* I have no right to ask!

*Lizard.* I dare say Suzy will have no objection to your staying! eh Susan! what, the young Nabob has been saying a few soft things; and yet when he knew of his engagement to my daughter, that was not quite so honourable. You look unwell.

*Rosa.* I am lately returned from India—its the mere change of air—your arm if you please?

*Lizard.* To be sure—to be sure, how lucky my son the doctor is coming—he is very great on airs—I expect him here in the course of the day, and my son Jack, you'll be delighted with Jack; such a companion, I have a parcel of his impromptues in my pocket, (*talking as he leads her out.*) [Exeunt *Lizard and Rosa.*

*Susan.* Poor thing, (*contemptuously*). But here comes the old gentleman, how shall I receive him, the pathetic, or didactic; both by all means. I'll first overpower him by civility, and then I'll astonish him by erudition.

SCENE IV. Enter Mr. TORRID.

*Torrid.* Miss Susannah Lizard---I presume---

*Susan.* The same, Sir---at your service---pray be seated, Sir. Be seated, (*they bow with great ceremony.*)

*Torrid.* I am come on a business in which my son's happiness is materially interested.

*Susan.* Not more than mine, Sir---I assure you.

*Torrid.* You are head teacher at Mrs. Monfoos's boarding school I think---

*Susan.* Family, Sir---if you please---I see he's ignorant, and I'll astonish him. (*aside.*)

*Torrid.* I beg pardon---Family is it?---A very subordinate

subordinate station for a person of your talents and accomplishments.

*Susan.* I think I have heard my father say--- that your early habits were literary---they like one should observe these things. (*aside*)

*Torrid.* She knows the whole story of old Plagiary, I see. (*aside*) Yes, Ma'am, yes.

*Susan.* That you were brother students---

*Torrid.* Brother students---Yes, Ma'am, yes, we were together in his office---but permit me to say---that this situation of your's, at Mrs. Monsoon's---is a very subordinate one for a person of such taste and accomplishments.

*Susan.* This compliment to his literature has quite captivated him, and now I'll astonish him by my erudition. (*aside*) Ah, Sir, the moderns do not hold us pedagogues in the same degree of estimation as the ancients did---I dare say you are intimately acquainted with those illustrious philosophers who taught in the schools of antiquity.

*Torrid.* Why, Ma'am, I can't charge my memory with a very accurate recollection---

*Susan.* I mean, Sir, with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle---or, the more modern, Plutarch, Epicetetus, Suetonius, Quintilian---or, perhaps, your researches are still more recent?

*Torrid.* Ma'am!

*Susan.* Busby, Bentley, Milton, Watts, Johnson---

*Torrid.* Zounds, I shall never recover my ears again. I was only about to say, Ma'am, when these gentlemen interrupted us, that though the station is honourable, yet it is beneath a person of your taste and science: if, therefore, I could  
be

be the means of extricating you, I should render a service to the cause of literature.

*Susan.* Oh, Sir! I see he is quite captivated. (*aside.*)

*Torrid.* As for this marriage, I am sorry to say that it cannot take place.

*Susan.* How, Sir?

*Torrid.* Yes, Ma'am, there is, unfortunately, unfortunately, I say, for you seem made for each other, an insuperable obstacle to the marriage between Henry and yourself—

*Susan.* An insuperable obstacle!

*Torrid.* Yes, Ma'am, my son cannot have the honour of your hand, since, between ourselves, he is married already.

*Susan.* Married already?—then there's an end of our whole scheme (*aside*).

*Torrid.* Yes, to the young lady from India. A match contracted without my privity, and certainly to my mortification, now that I see the opportunity he has lost—but if you'll consent to a little proposition—

*Susan.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Torrid.* Nothing improper, Ma'am!!! nothing but what any of these gentlemen of your acquaintance might have proposed: it is of importance that this marriage should be kept secret from your father, and if you would contrive that the rejection should proceed from you—

*Susan.* But how can the rejection come from me?

*Torrid.* Nothing easier, we have only to transfer the objection from his side to your's. Suppose you were to say, that you are married already: my son married without his father's consent



consent or knowledge, and you may be married without your's.

*Susan.* I marry! without my father's consent! I, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's!--I--that the morals of the rising generation—I, whose poverty never led me even in thought to stray from the paths of virtue. I marry!—

*Torrid.* I don't mean that you should actually marry---I only want you to say, that you are married, and I have a little note here just presented to me by my Steward, a note of Mr. Dorville's—

*Susan.* A note of Mr. Dorville's!

*Torrid.* Yes, for five hundred pounds.

*Susan.* For five hundred pounds!-- to be sure, Sir, I should be very sorry that the young gentleman was put to any inconvenience on my account.

*Torrid.* I am sure you would (*gives the note.*) I am sure you would---Here is Henry, and if we could see your father, your rejection might be given directly.

*Susan.* He's in the next room---if you'll follow me there, I shall have a few minutes to compose myself. And to consult with my father on our best mode of proceeding. (*aside*) [*Exit Susan.*]

*Torrid.* This story of Henry's marriage with Rosa was a lucky invention, and backed with the five hundred pounds must be successful---to be sure money does get a man into scrapes, but then it's the very best specific to get him out again.

SCENE V. *Enter HENRY.*

*Henry.* Well, Sir, where have you been? what says this man?

*Torrid.* His terms are monstrous!

*Henry.*

*Henry.* So I suppos'd—

*Torrid.* To satisfy him with money is impossible;  
He has made a proposition of another kind.

*Henry.* Will it be effectual?

*Torrid.* Yes yes! effectual enough.

*Henry.* Name it, Sir; name it.

*Torrid.* It concerns yourself.

*Henry.* Concerns me!

*Torrid.* But the sacrifice is too great.

*Henry.* No sacrifice can be too great, consistent  
with honour.

*Torrid.* Oh, this is perfectly honourable; he  
only requires that you should marry his daughter.

*Henry.* I marry his daughter! does he think  
me mad?

*Torrid.* I have seen the girl—nay more, I have  
promis'd that you shall make a declaration to  
her.

*Henry.* How?

*Torrid.* Lizard is now expecting us in the next  
room.

*Henry.* You cannot suppose, Sir—

*Torrid.* I have given her a note for five hun-  
dred pounds to say that she is married already.

*Henry.* Well!

*Torrid.* So that you may make the offer in  
security, and if the rejection proceeds from her,  
Lizard can have no right to complain of us.

*Henry.* There is a coarseness in the proceeding,  
no, Sir, I cannot submit to it.

*Torrid.* Not submit to it! when your father's  
character is at stake! when I am ready to make  
every sacrifice for you!

*Henry.* How?

*Torrid.* By consenting to your marriage with  
Rosa, when I might have secured an alliance  
with some family of distinction.

G

*Henry.*

*Henry.* I! I marry Rosa! every sentiment of justice and propriety revolts at the idea; my marriage with her is impossible.

*Torrid.* You are not serious. Impossible? your marriage with her impossible? When I refus'd my consent, you could not live without her; and now that it may be the means of preserving my character, you tell me it's impossible; nay you refuse to descend from your romance so far, as to make an offer to Lizard's daughter, though I have told you——

*Henry.* No, Sir; I will make that offer, on one condition.

*Torrid.* What is it?

*Henry.* That you make restitution to Rosa.

*Torrid.* Restitution?—well, well; I will.

*Henry.* Ample and immediate?

*Torrid.* Yes, yes, on the day of your marriage.

*Henry.* Again, Sir, do you talk of my marriage?

*Torrid.* Why, you talk'd of nothing else yourself an hour ago?—Well, well, it shall be as you please. I see that I have lost your affections?

*Henry.* No, Sir—you are still my father; I beg your pardon: I am every way unfortunate; it should be my duty to soften, not to aggravate, the horrors of your situation. Where is this man's daughter? Come, Sir, I will make the offer. I shall have at least the consolation of reflecting, that I have made some sacrifice for the security of your happiness, though my own is forfeited for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE VI



SCENE VI. *A Drawing Room, with folding Doors at the Back of the Stage.*

*Enter LIZARD, following ROSA.*

*Lizard.* Just let me read you again that impromptu of my son Jack's—Why, you don't listen. Well, well, here comes my daughter; you may now learn from her the result of the interview—and the Nabob and his son—both coming—I told you so—there, your Henry! as you stile him—Will you believe your own eyes?

*Rosa.* No—I will not.—Yes, he is indeed coming. I dare not meet him, all my boasted resolution would sink to nothing; I feel it would.

*Lizard.* Gad! I begin to think she would be as well out of the way, she's a dangerous sort of a personage (*aside*). What, you wish to avoid him. I admire your spirit. In that room you may conceal yourself till he is gone.

*Rosa.* Why should I conceal myself?

*Lizard.* There is no other way out of the room, unless you chuse to meet him.

*Rosa.* Can it be true? as this man says; is he indeed come with such a purpose? Meet him? Oh no! If it be so, hide me from Henry, from the world, from myself. (*goes within the doors.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter SUSAN.*

*Susan.* They are coming, Sir, they are coming, but our whole plan is defeated.

*Lizard.* Defeated! how? speak softly. (*takes her from the door where Rosa is.*)

*Susan.* Mr. Torrid's son is already married to the young girl from India.

*Lizard.* What?

*Susan.* He has just told me of it.

*Lizard.* Impossible! he never hinted such a thing this morning.

*Susan.* He has given me a note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, to say that I am married, that the objection may appear to you to be on my side.

*Lizard.* A note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, (*takes it*) to say that you are married, that the objection may appear to me to be on your side. Nay, then, I see through the design; this marriage of his son is a mere pretence—so, so, does he play me false—and what said you?

*Susan.* I promised; and he is now coming to make the offer.

*Lizard.* Is he? the very thing I could have wish'd. Rosa is in that room; there's no way out; she can't escape; and if you but make him speak loud enough, in spite of herself she will hear every word he says—So, Mr. Nabob, plot and counter-plot; here they are (*speaks to Susan.*)

*Susan.* But you may as well give me the note, Sir.

*Lizard.* Oh fye, fye—never mind—oh fye, (*pockets the note.*)

#### SCENE VIII.

*Enter TORRID and HENRY.*

*Henry.* I am ashamed of the part I have undertaken.

*Torrid.* (*pushing Henry*) Hush, hush—Madam, my son.

*Henry.* The embarrassment, Madam—under which—I say, Madam—the embarrassment—you see I am embarrassed, Madam.

*Susan,*

*Susan.* Not more than I am, Sir, I assure you.

*Henry.* (after *Torrid* has pull'd him) I trust, Madam, after what has passed between you and my father, that this embarrassment is not misinterpreted by you. (*Torrid pulls him.*)

*Torrid.* What are you about?

*Henry.* That is, I mean, Madam, that you are convinced of the force of my attachment, which thus—

*Susan.* I am, Sir; and, if the sympathies of a mutual passion—

*Henry.* (rising) How! (turns round, and meets *Lizard*) confusion!

*Lizard.* (to him) What an elegant creature she is.

(*Henry turns from him, and meets Susan*)

*Susan.* If the sensibilities of a heart tremblingly alive—

(*Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard.*)

*Lizard.* All nerve.

(*Henry turns again from Lizard, and meets Susan.*)

*Susan.* If the idea of a rival—

(*Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard; again turns from Lizard, and is met by Susan; and, in order to get away, rushes to the folding doors, which he opens, and discovers Rosa.*)

*Rosa.* You have no rival; he is releas'd! *Rosa* herself releases him from every tie of honour, of love. Mr. *Torrid*, why, why will you not give me this letter to Lady *Dorville*; alas, it is now my only dependance. Am I detained to be publicly insulted?

*Henry.* Hear me, *Rosa*; I entreat you, hear me!

*Rosa,*



*Rosa.* No, Sir, I have already heard too much. I can now resign my pretensions without regret. I am undeceived, and glad of it; I would say so coldly, coldly as you have done, but there's a something here, here at my heart, which will not suffer me; dissimulation is new to me. Ah, Henry, Henry, it is the only lesson I ever learnt from you with difficulty. *[Exit.]*

*Henry.* Stay, I conjure you, Rosa, stay. *(following her.)*

*Lizard.* Follow her, Susan---follow her directly---they must be kept apart at any rate---*(aside, to Susan)* *[Exit Susan.]*---What does she mean by this letter to Lady Dorville?

*Torrid.* A letter of introduction from her mother.

*Lizard.* 'Pshaw, only a letter of introduction; what's a letter of introduction? I know what a letter of introduction is, they'll ask her to dinner once, and never see her face afterwards.

*Torrid.* But she has further claims.

*Lizard.* What claims?

*Torrid.* Claims of a nature---

*Lizard.* What nature? I'll go and ask her.

*Torrid.* Stay, stay! She is ignorant of them herself, but they are explained in this letter.

*Lizard.* Claims of which she is ignorant. 'Pshaw, this is a mere trick, evasion; there is no such letter.

*Torrid.* No such letter---here it is *(Giving it,)*

*Lizard.* Let me see it---*(Takes the letter.)*

*Torrid.* I am as unwilling to have it deliver'd as you can be; it may lead to the discovery of a secret.

*Lizard.* What, of our secret? This letter must not be deliver'd.

*Torrid.* Not deliver'd! But my son insists---

*Lizard.* Your son insist? then I'll impound the letter, to relieve you from any further difficulty.

*Torrid.* Impound the letter? What are you about?

*Lizard.* It's just as snug in my pocket as in yours. Hush, hush, here he is. (*Henry returns.*)

*Henry.* She is gone, and will not hear me. What does she mean, Sir, by her enquiry for this letter to Lady Esther Dorville; have you not given it?

*Lizard.* Its mislaid, lost. (*Goes to the side scene.*)

*Henry.* How? impossible!

*Torrid.* Well, well, it shall be delivered; when you are married.

*Henry.* I see while that is possible, all efforts to make her restitution will be fruitless.

*Lizard.* Susan has overtaken her, and all is safe. (*Looking out*) What the devil are they whispering about. (*aside*) Restitution! why, what do you mean?

*Torrid.* (*to Lizard*) He knows not what he means. (*To Henry*) What are you about? you forget that this man must be pacified.

*Henry.* Make but the restitution you promis'd, and he shall be pacified.

*Torrid.* How?

*Henry.* I will pacify him?

*Torrid.* But how?

*Henry.* Leave that to me.

*Lizard.* You don't suppose that I am fool enough to—

*Torrid.* You see—you see—(*to Henry.*)

*Henry.*

*Henry.* Leave us together, and I'll undertake for the result.

*Torrid.* Well, well, I am gone ; but remember he has me in his power.

*Henry.* I do, I do. [Exit *Torrid.*

*Lizard.* Restitution ! and do you suppose, young Sir, that I am the dupe of this magnanimous restitution ?

*Henry.* I don't understand you, Sir.

*Liard.* No, no ; the artifice is too shallow to pass on me ; what, the father is to make restitution to Rosa, and the son is to make Rosa his wife.

*Henry.* You are mistaken, Sir ; I never can make Rosa my wife ; it is a vision of happiness which once indeed—but now—

*Lizard.* What, you are detected ! but harkye, Sir, you have publickly declared yourself to my daughter ; you have publickly made an offer of your hand ; you shall either marry her or answer it in a court of law ; you shall have a little conversation with John Doe and Richard Roe on the subject ; the whole story shall be told ; the notable plot of the father and son on the property of one woman, and on the affections of another. I leave you to your option. Oh that my son Jack was called to the bar, how eloquent would he be on such a subject ! Once more I give you your option ; if you marry my daughter your father's honour is preserv'd, but if you refuse after what has passed—

*Henry.* Well, well—I know that you have tied me to the stake ; I have no option, no alternative ; I have renounced Rosa, publickly insulted her ; do with me as you please : I have pledged myself to secure your secrecy, and I will pay the price of it.

*Lizard.* Now you are talking rationally ; let me but have it under your hand—

*Henry.*



*Henry.* Under my hand.

*Lizard.* Yes, there's such stability in pen and ink; a man's signature is such a refresher to his memory, as Jack says.

*Henry.* Well, well, lead on, Sir, you have caught me in your toils, and I'll not flinch! Yes, Rola shall have justice, whatever be the sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

H

ACT

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Garden at Mr. Dorville's.*

*Enter Sir HARRY, followed by JACK LIZARD.*

*Jack Liz.* Is it possible, Sir Harry, that you can refuse me?

*Sir Harry.* Have-a-care, Jack, have-a-care—you are growing chatty, and that you know I can't endure.

*Jack Liz.* 'Sdeath, would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

*Sir Harry.* It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

*Jack Liz.* A great man can afford it; when a great man is arrested, people only say that he is gone to his villa; it's not the arrest I care for, but the sum, a paltry five hundred.

*Sir Harry.* Five hundred, paltry! why its the price of my horse Dancer.

*Jack Liz.* As you sold him yesterday, you must have the cash about you.

*Sir Harry.* That money is sacred, you know it is.—What, would you have me defraud my stud of its complement.—You see, Jack, you see—the moment you begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are as bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chatty; but however I'll tell you what, though I can't give you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a piece of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they have not dubb'd you (*tapping him over the shoulder.*)

*Jack*

*Jack Liz.* No, but they are in full cry.

*Sir Harry.* Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are safe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why there's Sam Splash has a hunting-box for the purpose, stands on two counties, and he only tells his servant, if the sheriff of Middlesex calls, shew him into Surry; if the sheriff of Surry calls, shew him into Middlesex; or, if you like it better, speak to Mr. Dorville, lending is his passion—he has no other use for his money.

*Jack Liz.* Mr. Dorville is a stranger to me; how can I expect a stranger to lend me money, when my friend refuses me?

*Sir Harry.* Because he is a stranger Jack! upon my soul you must hold your tongue, or else you'll lose your character; you may lend money to a stranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a stranger pays, or else you lay him by the heels; but against a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a sixpence—if you was a stranger Jack! I would lend you the money myself, but as you are my friend, the thing's impossible, quite out of the question.

[Exit.

*Jack Liz. (calling after him)* Well, but treat me as a stranger then, no ceremony.

SCENE II.—Enter LIZARD.

*Lizard.* Here Jack, here my boy—here it is, a promise under his hand, under the hand of the young Nabob, to marry Susan—so much for her! and now for yourself—if you can but see the



heirefs, success is certain; I have now proofs of the Nabob's falsehood, to confirm our story.

*Jack Liz.* Proofs! Have you really proofs?

—*Lizard.* A letter which he brought from her mother to Lady Esther Dorville; he confessed to me that it contained the whole of her story, and that he meant to suppress it on that account.

*Jack Liz.* How?

*Lizard.* I threaten'd the son with a discovery, and to bribe me to secrecy, he gave the promise to Susan—I threaten'd the father with a discovery, and to bribe me to secrecy, he gave me up the letter.

*Jack Liz.* Then 'twas a combination between the father and son to cheat the girl?

*Lizard.* I told you so this morning, but you would not believe me.

*Jack Liz.* 'Sdeath, how unlucky to have a bailiff at my heels at this moment.

*Lizard.* A bailiff!

*Jack Liz.* Yes, to lose all my hopes of an Indian heirefs for a paltry five hundred pounds!

*Lizard.* Pshaw, this is your extravagance—your houses, horses, and carriages; why will you live at such an expence?

*Jack Liz.* Expence! why my houses, horses, and carriages, are not expences, they are my ways and means—I hire a cottage for 20 guineas, fit it up as a hunting-box, and let it for four-score—I buy a horse for ten pounds, pace him in the park, after a summer's run, and sell him for a hundred. The sums which they refuse to my necessities, they will give freely to gratify their own caprice—If I was in London, I could raise the money with ease by the sale of my curriple and blacks.

*Lizard.* Five hundred pounds! Can't you borrow it from Sir Harry, Jack?

*Jack Liz.* Not a sixpence; I have just ask'd him, and he'll not advance a sixpence.

*Lizard.* Why then I'll advance it—I'll give the bailiff Dorville's note (*aside.*)

*Jack Liz.* You—you advance it—my dear father, why you are not serious—its five hundred pounds—how the devil can you raise five hundred pounds?

*Lizard.* No matter, watch you for the heiress, and leave the rest to me—are you sure he is a bailiff? do you know him?

*Jack Liz.* Know him! I have an instinct on these occasions which is infallible—why he has an apartment in Curfitor-street which he calls mine—a pretty rural situation, commands a fine view of Staples-Inn—but how the devil came you by the five hundred pounds?

*Lizard.* It was intended for the doctor and the architect; but you never think of them; with all your opportunities never once recommend them, never once quote Jem's book, or Jerry's plans.

*Jack Liz.* Hush, my dear father, hush—when I am married to the heiress, Jerry shall build me a temple to Hygeia in my grounds, and the doctor's book shall be engrav'd on the walls in letters of gold—eh! zounds, here is my friend from Curfitor-street—some people complain of the law's delay; for my part I have always found it treading on my heels. [*Exeunt, opposite sides.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Before Mr. Dorville's House.*

*Enter Mr. DORVILLE and the STEWARD,*

*Mr. Dorville.* It is but five hundred pounds.

*Steward.* The house will be filled with creditors in the course of an hour, Sir; your inability to pay this note will be the signal of alarm to them all—you have forgiven some of the tenants their rent, you have consented to the delay of others, and I don't know a creature to whom I can apply.

*Mr. Dorville.* Apply to them! to the tenants!

*Steward.* Apply to the tenants! It goes to my heart to see your honour thus their dupe.

*Mr. Dorville.* I am not their dupe!—Is not my whole estate one unvaried scene of domestic felicity? do they not love me as their father? Here is Lizard's daughter, I'll speak to her; surely he will wait a few hours,

*Steward.* Not an instant, Sir; he told me that he should pay away the note. But I'll see my lady, and wait your further orders. [*Exit.*]

*Mr. Dorville.* Who is this young stranger with her in tears—hold, hold—I may intrude officiously,

SCENE IV. *Enter Rosa, followed by SUSAN.*

*Rosa.* Leave me, I beseech you leave me.

*Susan.* Nay, Miss, to be sure, its very provoking to be cross'd in one's first love, but it is what happens to most of us, for all that.

*Rosa.* What! what! will become of me!—to return to Mr. Torrid's is impossible.

*Susan.* Why, Miss, I have been thinking that, as you will be out of employment, when I am mar-



married to young Mr. Torrid, you know there will be a vacancy at the school; now I will speak to Mrs. Monsoon about you; to be sure you will be rather awkward at first; but as you will take less salary on that account, I dare say Mrs. Monsoon would not object, though I don't know what you would do for a character, she is very particular about the character of her teachers; have you no letters to your family? your friends?

*Rosa.* I have no family. No friends. I was, from my infancy, the child of sorrow; bred up in secrecy and solitude; my mother lov'd me, tenderly lov'd me, and yet at times, when melting into softness, her countenance would suddenly change; her looks become stern, resentful, and poor Rosa sink to the ground unheeded: I seem'd at once her pride and shame, her joy and her reproach.

*Susan.* Was not your father then in India?

*Rosa.* Alas! I never knew a father!

*Mr. Dorville.* (*rusthing forward*) What do I hear?

*Susan.* Mr. Dorville here?

*Rosa.* Is this Mr. Dorville?

*Susan.* I must destroy her hopes of protection there, or Jack will lose his opportunity.

*Rosa.* How unfortunate that Mr. Torrid should have withheld the letter to Lady Esther.

*Mr. Dorville.* A letter to my wife?

*Susan.* Letter to Lady Esther, 'pshaw, its a mere pretence.

*Rosa.* A pretence?

*Susan.* You said that your mother had no acquaintance with Lady Esther.

*Rosa.* I did.

*Susan.* That she only knew Mr. Dorville by character?

*Rosa.*

*Rosa.* I did.

*Susan.* How then can she have written to Lady Esther? she has deceived Mr. Torrid, and now means to deceive you? *(to Mr. Dorville.)*

*Rosa.* Why, why, this cruel accusation? you will not take away my only refuge.

*Susan.* Mr. Torrid has supported her from infancy, her and her mother, can you deny it?

*Rosa.* I do not wish to deny it, or conceal my obligation.

*Susan.* And in return, she has seduc'd the affections of his son, though he was contracted to me in the cradle! she was detected plotting a secret marriage, and driven from the house.

*Rosa.* Now then, indeed, I feel myself a stranger; who, who is there feels for poor Rosa, her heart every where tortur'd with accusation, and her love return'd with insult.

*Mr. Dorville.* Have you no friends, no family connections?

*Rosa.* None. An orphan! a stranger! alas! there's not a human being on whom I have any claim of protection. Mr Torrid withholds the letter, and—

*Mr. Dorville.* An orphan and stranger! these are your claims, that your protection—trust you - self with me—my doors are open to you, my house shall be your asylum; Lady Esther shall receive you; come, let me conduct you to her; nay, nay, cheer up, cheer up, think not of the letter. *[Exit with her into the house.]*

*Susan.* How unlucky!

SCENE V.

SCENE V. *Enter Lizard.*

*Lizard.* Where is Rosa? I have paid away the note to the bailiff, and Jack can now appear with safety.

*Susan.* Mr. Dorville has just taken her under his protection.

*Lizard.* His protection! Mr. Dorville's! pretty protection truly! a man over head and ears in debt has the presumption to interfere with my family arrangements; he'll be arrested in half an hour himself, and then let us see who'll give him protection.

*Susan.* Mr. Dorville arrested; I thought he had been a man of fortune.

*Lizard.* A man of fortune! I have hawk'd his note all over the county, and can't raise a sixpence on it.

*Susan.* What, the note Mr. Torrid gave me for five hundred pounds, can't he pay that note, a man so generous?

*Lizard.* 'Pshaw, don't you know what Jack says, a man never begins to be generous till he's at his last guinea.

*Susan.* But he's so liberal, so ready to lend his money.

*Lizard.* Yes, he borrows a hundred pounds from one friend, and lends ten of it to another, and that people call liberality.

*Susan.* But this is only one note?

*Lizard.* Only one note; did you ever see the man who had drawn only one note; no, no, when a man once takes to drawing notes, there's a spell upon his fingers, and the devil himself cannot stop him.

[*Exeunt Lizard and Susan.*]

I SCENE



SCENE VI. *A Room at Mr. DORVILLE'S.**Enter Mr. DORVILLE and ROSA.*

*Mr. Dorville.* You are deceived, depend upon it.

*Rosa.* I think, I think I could have reconcil'd myself, if he had left me for a pretty woman—but to be deserted for such an ugly thing, is she not Mr. Dorville? did you ever see any thing so ugly—here, in England, where all the women are so clever—so accomplish'd—they play—they sing—they dance—they draw—they speak all languages—alas! poor Rosa can only speak the language of the heart; and as for drawing, I never could draw any thing but Henry's picture, and that I us'd to wear here—but now I'll throw it from me, or, perhaps, you may chuse to have it—he has not injur'd you, and you shall take it—No—I'll keep it myself—this countenance never deceived me—I'll transfer my love from the living Henry, here—I will wear this Henry next my heart, and Miss Monsoon may have the other.

*Mr. Dorville.* Deserted you for her, impossible!

*Rosa.* She must have frighten'd him into loving her, I am sure she must.

*Mr. Dorville.* This is some idle jealousy.

*Rosa.* I never was jealous of him—while I thought he lov'd me.

*Mr. Dorville.* He loves you still.

*Rosa.* I heard him make the offer to her—I saw him on his knees, is not that enough?

*Mr. Dorville.* To call for an explanation, it is.

*Rosa.* There can be none—he has insulted me, Mr. Dorville, treated me with contempt—think not so meanly of me—if my heart is weak enough  
still

still to love him—it will have the virtue to conceal it.

*Mr. Dorville.* Call not that virtue which leads to injustice?

*Rosa.* To injustice!

*Mr. Dorville.* Yes, the worst injustice, to condemn unheard.

*Rosa.* Every circumstance combines to justify suspicion.

*Mr. Dorville.* Suspicion of those we love never can be justified. I am myself the victim of suspicion.

*Rosa.* You, Sir, the victim of suspicion?

*Mr. Dorville.* Yes, a wretched victim! but for a base suspicion, I had been blessed with a daughter, young, innocent, and artless as yourself; mine is a life of penitence; what you call benevolence is expiation, the resource of a mind sickening under langour and disease, the food of a heart agoniz'd at every pore.

*Rosa.* Your's, your's a life of penitence! of expiation.

*Mr. Dorville.* The only child of an ancient family, heir to a large fortune, I was bred in all the vicious habits of indulgence, every desire anticipated, every caprice gratified; a mind thus frivolous, infirm, distempered, fell an easy prey. Let not your gentle character be thus alien to its nature, think not so meanly of your Henry, of yourself, as to believe you have a rival in this Lizard's daughter; I will see Mr. Torrid! I will see your Henry; I will claim this letter from your mother.

— SCENE VII. —

*Enter Lady Esther Dorville.*

Here is Lady Esther, I have prepared her to receive you, and will now present you to her.

*Lady Est.* I have learnt the particulars of your story, and I wish that we had, in truth, a home to offer you.

*Mr. Dorville.* How?

*Lady Est.* In this moment of distress and mortification, I can still feel for your disappointment (*to Rosa.*) Mr. Dorville; my apprehensions are all realiz'd—the bailiffs have actually forc'd their way into the house, and are coming to arrest you.

*Rosa.* Arrest! arrest Mr. Dorville! (*Sir Harry and the bailiffs making a noise behind.*)

*Mr. Dorville.* To arrest me!—it cannot be—there must be some mistake. (*talks aside with Lady Esther.*)

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir Harry, Bailiff, and Followers.*

*Sir Harry.* What's the sum, Sir! the sum—

*Bailiff.* (*to Sir Harry.*) Why you don't mean to be bail, do you?

*Rosa.* Bail—what's bail? I'll be bail.

*Bailiff.* What, are you a housekeeper?

*Rosa.* No! but, Sir, (*to Sir Harry*) you'll be bail, I am sure you will, how dare you (*to the Bailiff*) suspect the contrary.

*Bailiff.* What, is he a housekeeper?

*Sir Harry.* 'Sdeath, Sir, I am Sir Harry Fleetly, a Baronet, with a clear estate of 6000 pounds a year.

*Bailiff.* But are you a housekeeper?

*Rosa.* Don't you hear that he is a Baronet, with a clear estate of 6000 pounds a year.

*Bailiff.* But where is his house?

*Rosa.* Do pray, Sir Harry Fleetly, turn him out—oblige me, by turning him out.

*Sir Harry.* Oh! my address, I suppose he means. I have lodgings in Bond-street, and at all the watering places.



*Rosa.* There, you hear he has lodgings in Bond-street, and at all the watering places!

*Bailiff.* What, do you offer yourself as bail, without being a housekeeper?—lodgings—you a Baronet of six thousand pounds a year, and live in lodgings; I'll not believe it. (*Turns towards Mr. Dorville.*)

*Rosa.* Stay, stay, for heaven's sake stay; take me, instead of Mr. Dorville, I am sure it can make no difference to you.

*Mr. Dorville.* Generous girl! how you have charmed me.

*Rosa.* To me it will be no disgrace; I am a stranger here, unknown to any human being; you may take me with safety; but for Mr. Dorville to be dragged thus from his house, in the face of his friends, in the face of his tenants—I'll tell you what, Sir, you had better take care; you'll be torn to pieces, depend upon it, the peasants will tear you to pieces—their father, their benefactor thus disgraced.

*Mr. Dorville.* Disgraced, do you call it? I was never so honour'd. I was never so delighted before. Your zeal, your earnestness has thrill'd to my very heart, and reviv'd sensations which I thought long since extinct. I expected that this note would be claim'd; Lady Esther knows I did, and was going among the tenants to raise the money. When they hear of my distress, there's not a man on my estate but will come forward.

*Lady Est.* Why, you actually seem pleas'd.

*Mr. Dorville.* I shall prove their attachment.

*Lady Est.* You'll be disappointed—but I'll go as you desire me; and at my return I shall hope to find you here. (*to Rosa.*)

*Mr. Dorville.*

*Mr. Dorville.* No, no, you shall see the triumph of my system, and Rosa shall see it.

*Lady Est.* Have you no knowledge of the world?

*Mr. Dorville.* I have a knowledge of the human heart, which tells me, that, as I have listened to the story of their necessities, they will not forget me in mine. [*Exeunt Lady Esther and Mr. Dorville.*]

*Rosa.* (*to the Bailiffs*) Stay, stay, surely you have a house, Sir—a Baronet with six thousand a year—you must have a house; I am sure you have.

SCENE IX. *Enter Lizard.*

*Lizard.* As you seem in want of a house, Sir, give me leave to recommend my son Jerry, the architect; a clever fellow, I assure you: he'll run you up a house in no time—publish'd a book of plans—

*Sir Harry.* Peace, Sir, peace, and tell me, what's the sum for which Mr. Dorville is arrested?

*Lizard.* Sad weak silly man, this Mr. Dorville, distributing his money to the right and left. The sum for which he is arrested? Why, Sir, really I can't say, but there are some gentlemen without who are better inform'd—all at it, whip and spur egad.

*Sir Harry.* What, are there more creditors than one?

*Lizard.* More than one? yes, yes; your creditor is a gregarious animal, and seldom travels alone—one has an execution on the stable.

*Sir Harry.* On the stable! Zounds, they may seize my horses.

*Lizard.*

*Lizard.* I saw a fellow lead out a fine set of greys.

*Sir Harry.* The devil you did! why they are mine. Which way?---here---hollo. [*Exit.*]

*Rosa.* Sir Harry! Sir Harry! He forgets Mr. Dorville.

*Lizard.* How so anxious about Mr. Dorville; 'gad then I'll change my battery. Instead of frightening her into compliance, from the loss of Mr. Dorville's protection, Jack shall soothe her to our purpose by a promise to procure his release—(*aside.*) If you are really desirous of releasing Mr. Dorville—

*Rosa.* Do not insult me with the question.

*Lizard.* Its in your power; there's a gentleman in the house, a Mr. Tacid, the intimate friend of this Sir Harry Fleetly, but a different sort of man quite—he's in love with you to distraction.

*Rosa.* With me! why I have never seen him!

*Lizard.* But he has seen you, and there's a great deal in love at first sight—he is now here on a visit; one word from you, and he will procure Mr. Dorville's release.

*Rosa.* Mr. Dorville's release! what, will he be bail?

*Lizard.* To be sure he will, if you desire it.

*Rosa.* Is he a housekeeper? But what right have I to ask it? What return can I make?

*Lizard.* True, true—Mr. Dorville then must go to prison.

*Rosa.* To prison! Mr. Dorville to prison, when I can prevent it? Oh no! I'll come with you immediately. Henry! Henry! where art thou? How would my heart have exulted to ask of you, what I tremble to solicit at the hand of another.

[*Exit.*]



*Lizard. (following her)* Deserted by her lover! without a friend, without a home; if she refuses Jack, when he makes the discovery, I know nothing of the sex.

SCENE X. *Before Mr. DORVILLE's House.*

JACK LIZARD *(waiting.)*

*Jack Liz.* Surely I have not mistaken the spot; where can my father be? I wonder he is not yet come—'Sdeath, how unlucky, here is Sir Harry; I'll try to avoid him; 'pshaw, he has seen me.

*Enter Sir HARRY.*

*Sir Harry.* Hollo, Jack, why what do you stand lounging about here, when the men are carrying off my horses, instead of yours---have you seen them this way?---Why don't you answer?—you was chatty enough this morning, when you wanted money—have you seen them?

*Jack Liz.* No.

*Sir Harry.* No!—is this the care you take of my property?

*Jack Liz.* 'Pshaw, I thought not of your property.

*Sir Harry.* I tell you, that my greys are seiz'd for your debt, and the fellow won't believe that they are mine, though you made me pay four hundred pounds for the set, and they are not worth half the money.

*Jack Liz.* You have fix thousand a year, yet you would sell a horse for double his value, to a poor fellow not worth sixpence.

*Sir Harry.* I was your friend; you ought to have recollected that.

*Jack Liz.* Would you have recollected it?

*Sir*

*Sir Harry.* Why, Jack, your manner is strangely alter'd.

*Jack Liz.* I wish that your's was so.

*Sir Harry.* This insolence from you is insufferable.

*Jack Liz.* I mean it so; leave me, I have no time to waste on you.

*Sir Harry.* Why, what do you mean?

*Jack Liz.* That, there's your road; leave me. I am sick of you.

*Sir Harry.* You sick of me?

*Jack Liz.* Yes, you have answer'd my purpose, and I am sick of you.

*Sir Harry.* Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

*Jack Liz.* To your stud, to your stud, I say, and leave me.

*Sir Harry.* To my stud! is this the return for my friendship?

*Jack Liz.* Your friendship.

*Sir Harry.* Yes, my friendship; have I not given you the run of my table, the use of my stud; have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

*Jack Liz.* Yes, you gave me the run of your table; out of hospitality? No! it was to taste and commend your wines; you gave me the use of your stud; for my amusement? No! to train and shew your horses; you introduced me to your clubs; as your friend? No! as your butt.

*Sir Harry.* Well, and you answer'd my purpose, I will say that of you.

*Jack Liz.* You thought I answer'd your purpose. Dull fool! it was you answer'd mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you were mine.

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*Sir Harry.*

*Sir Harry.* Where is your boasted superiority? to live with men whom you despise, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? while I thought you dull and illiterate I only pitied, now I despise you.

*Jack Liz.* 'Tis fit you do, pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

*Sir Harry.* 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuse a man of my education of ignorance and imbecility.

*Jack Liz.* I, too, had an education; what is called a liberal education; I was sent to a public school, and thence to college; at the end of three years I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my passions high, my taste correct and cultivated; all my habits, desires, expences, not suited to my own means, but to those of my associates; I was soon involved in debt, I gave myself to the pursuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thrust from the shelf to make room for the frivolities of fashion.

*Sir Harry.* Eh! how! you are an author too?

*Jack Liz.* An accident seated me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I shone beyond my hopes; I was complimented; congratulated; I thought my fortune made, fond fool! they shunn'd me ever after; they shrunk abash'd with conscious inferiority, and I was left the solitary recluse of a garret; for a while my pride supported me, till imagination sicken'd under the pressure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food seem'd to my parch'd lip the only object of desire; I was in possession of the secret; I came again among you, not as before with a proud display of all I knew, but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the shoeing a horse and the knowledge of his points;



points; and above all, whose fervility would bend under the coarse raillery of you and your associates. I succeeded; I was lifted to the surface; I floated with you, and the other insects of the hour.

*Sir Harry.* Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know or care—I have treated you as a gentleman, and insist on the satisfaction of one.

*Jack Liz.* What, you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it! when you have wrong'd a man—betray'd his wife—or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable; you can hit a card at thirty paces—you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field, all sensibility, feeling, emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage; the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms; this is honourable satisfaction. Yonder I see my father; now fortune, this one opportunity well encounter'd, and I am made for ever. Nay, Sir, do not follow me, I'll not be followed; some few hours since I would have met you; life then had nothing worth a thought; but now my prospects brighten; I feel again the glow of existence; I know it's value; I will not match it so unequally—to your stud, Sir Harry! to your stud!

[*Exit.*

*Sir Harry.* I'll not be followed! he talks to me as if I was his terrier; d---e, but I'll cross him yet.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Mr. Dorville's.**Enter Mr. TORRID and HENRY.**Torrid.* Stay, Henry, stay, I beg of you!*Henry.* No, Sir; the restitution shall be made to Rosa immediately; every moment's delay is a new disgrace, a fresh accusation.*Torrid.* Are these the fruits of the education I have given you; is it for this I have bred you in habits of affluence?*Henry.* That education which was once my pride, is now my shame; wrung from the widow and the orphan; those habits which I once thought a distinction are now humbled with the dust; there's not a particle about me but seems tainted, loathsome, hideous!*Torrid.* You know not the consequences, the hazard to which I am exposed by a disclosure at this moment.*Henry.* At any hazard, Sir, the story shall be told; the injuries of Rosa and her mother cry out for justice; they shall be appeas'd. This strange fluctuation after your promise this morning——*Torrid.* That promise was conditional.*Henry.* I have perform'd my part, and I require the same of you.*Torrid.* How have you perform'd it? how is Lizard's secrecy secur'd? this strange chimera of your's leaves me expos'd to him as well as her.*Henry.* Make but this restitution to Rosa, act honourably to her, and your character is safe, she will never betray you,*Torrid.*

*Torrid.* No, but he will.

*Henry.* His secrecy is secured, I have secured it.

*Torrid.* You?

*Henry.* Yes.

*Torrid.* How?

*Henry.* With myself.

*Torrid.* With yourself!

*Henry.* I have made it the condition of my marriage with his daughter.

*Torrid.* Your marriage with his daughter! you cannot mean it.

*Henry.* There was no other way; this makes it his interest as well as your's.

*Torrid.* What do I hear!

*Henry.* He has a solemn pledge under my hand.

*Torrid.* Under your hand, is it really so? have you indeed thus sacrificed yourself, the dearest wishes of your heart, the object of your affections, for whom—for me, for my protection, for the safety of my character.

*Enter Sir HARRY, looking about.*

*Sir Harry.* 'Sdeath, I have run myself clean out of wind; which way could he turn, how the devil did I miss them? He's certainly in pursuit of that girl from India. Have you seen them this way?

*Henry.* Who do you mean?

*Sir Harry.* The fellow that trots about like a three-pronged fork, sticking his sons, Jem, Jack, and Jerry, into every one he meets.

*Henry.* This must be Lizard.

*Torrid.* Yonder he is, and (*anxiously*) Rosa with him.

*Sir Harry.* He has some design I know.

*Henry.* A design, and against Rosa!

[*Exit with precipitation, followed by Torrid.*

*Sir*



*Sir Harry.* Yes, and Jack too! D—e but you shall take to the bit again before I have done with you, my master. [Exit after them.

SCENE, another part of Mr. Dorville's Garden.

Enter ROSA with LIZARD and JACK LIZARD.

*Jack Liz.* Nay, but hear me; I have a communication to make to you of the utmost importance.

*Rosa.* Is it of importance to Mr. Dorville?

*Jack Liz.* I have been fortunate enough to make a discovery in which you are very nearly interested.

*Lizard.* I told you he loved you to distraction. What a clever dog it is. (*Aside.*)

*Rosa.* Does it interest Mr. Dorville?

*Jack Liz.* Your mother was basely cheated of her fortune.

*Rosa.* Alas, my mother had no fortune.

*Jack Liz.* Her fortune was lost by an act of treachery, and it is in my power to recover it for you.

*Rosa.* And then I may release Mr. Dorville; is it so? (*eagerly.*)

*Jack Liz.* Yes, if you will condescend to receive me as your captive.

*Rosa.* How!

*Lizard.* What an elegant turn that is! to be sure even Jem and Jerry are nothing to him. [*Aside.*

*Jack Liz.* The scheme of Mr. Torrid and his son!

*Rosa.* Scheme of Mr. Torrid and his son?

*Lizard.* You heard him make a declaration to my daughter.

*Rosa.* I did.

*Jack Liz.* You saw him on his knees to her?

*Rosa.*

*Rosa.* I did. I and gainw-brad may i side

*Lizard.* The whole story was known to me; by her marriage with the son my secrecy was to be purchas'd.

*Jack Liz.* And the father secured from detection. If you wish further proofs—

*Rosa.* I want no proofs, I have them here—here in my heart!—the image of my Henry, such as I have known him from infancy! such as I have lov'd him from infancy! Who is it? Which of you would tear him thence? Is it you, Sir? [*to Lizard.*] 'Tis true I heard him make a declaration to your daughter; but I thank you, it was you who placed me where I could hear it!—Or is it you, Sir, whom I am to thank for this disinterested proof of attachment? What is there you see in me, which thus provokes your calumny? I am a poor simple artless girl. 'Tis true I am! one who thinks her friends honest, though she has the report of two strangers to the contrary.

*Lizard.* Report of strangers—I have it under his hand.

*Rosa.* 'Tis false!

*Lizard.* Here, here, a promise of marriage to my daughter—look, look on this paper—he never saw her till this morning, yet does he promise to marry her. Why? To screen himself from detection. She is without fortune, yet you see he consents to marry her. Why? To save his own.

*Rosa.* Oh Henry—where, where art thou?

*Enter HENRY.*

*Henry.* The voice of Rosa, in distress?

*Lizard.* What other motive will you find?

*Jack Liz.* What other motive will he dare avow?

*Rosa.* [*running to him*] Henry! they tell me this

this is your hand-writing; but I don't believe them—nay, my own eyes would tell me so, but my heart assures me of the contrary. You turn away, you are silent—can it be possible—they tell me that you never saw this woman till this morning, yet that you will marry her. They ask me for your motive; I could once tell your motives, Henry; I knew where to look for them once; but now, what am I to reply! what am I to think!—

*Torrid.* [*who has followed Henry on the stage*] That I alone am guilty, Rosa! guilty, even to the extent of this man's insinuation; that your mother, that yourself have been the victims of my injustice; that he was in possession of the secret; that he threaten'd to disclose it; that, to save me, from exposure, Henry affected to give into his views, till entangled in a labyrinth of artifice, the son had no resource to save the father, but by the sacrifice of himself!

*Jack Liz.* Yes, Sir, he has, in me! Give me the paper. [*tearing it*] Thus, thus let me offer some atonement for the meanness of my own character; some tribute to the nobleness of your's!

*Lizard.* Why, what do you mean; what the devil are you about? [*Jack Lizard turns about, and goes to the back of the stage.*] D—e if ever I can tell what my son Jack is driving at. [*follows him.*]

*Torrid.* How! Is this your son? [*following Jack Lizard.*]

*Henry.* I little thought, when I had the presumption to offer you my hand this morning, that the fortune I so anxiously wish'd to lay at your feet, was not mine to bestow.

*Rosa.*



*Rosa.* Was this discovery your only scruple?

*Henry.* That it was wrested from you by treachery and ingratitude!

*Rosa.* In which you bore no part; but have nobly contrived, out of this very treachery and ingratitude, to rear a trophy to your own honour, and to my love!

*Henry.* Your love, *Rosa*, impossible! I am a proscribed being, doom'd to a life of perpetual exile and wretchedness. I had not ventured to appear before you, but for the apprehension of this man's designs.

*Rosa.* How innocent were his designs compared with yours; his designs were on my person, on my fortune; yours were on my heart; this generous act of his son does not relieve you, *Henry*; you but escape one chain to find another. You will conduct me to Mr. Dorville's, you will give me your hand, your arm; do I lean too heavily? Come, let us hasten to Mr. Dorville's, we will then talk of your return to India, but while he is in distress you cannot, must not think on any other subject. [*Exeunt Rosa and Henry.*]

*Enter Sir HARRY, who meets Jack, at the end of Lizard's Speech, and follows him to the Front of the Stage.*

*Lizard.* Have you lost your senses to act thus. (to Jack.)

*Sir Harry.* Lost his senses, yes, the very moment he recovered his speech. There it is, you would be chatty; now I told you this morning, it was all up with you if you were chatty.

*Jack Liz. (to Mr. Torrid, who has been making offers of assistance, not noticing Sir Harry.)* You mistake me, Sir, I have my peace to make with one not easily satisfied.

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*Sir*

*Sir Harry.* He means me—I knew that he would make me an apology—well, Sir, what have you to say?

*Jack Liz.* What, you think me in the dust, and would again trample on me; 'tis fit you do—I expected as much from you—go on, Sir, go on; 'tis not your feeble raillery, but my tame submission which has made me contemptible to the world, and to myself.

*Torrid.* Contemptible! not while I have a spark of feeling in my heart, or a fingle guinea in my purse.

*Lizard.* D—e, Jack's right after all—and he has kept the letter.

*Enter GROOM.*

*Groom.* (to *Sir Harry*) Sir! Sir! your horses are found.

*Jack Liz.* Aye, aye; to your stud, Sir Harry, to your stud.

*Sir Harry.* (to the *Groom*) What do you mean by talking to me about horses, you scoundrel; do you dare to insinuate that I care about horses? do you mean to be witty too? d—e, I have a great mind to kick you, you scoundrel. [*Exit, beating the Groom.*]

*Jack Liz.* Mr. Torrid, I have yet another duty to discharge; here is the letter which you gave my father.

*Lizard.* What, have you given the letter?—D—e he's off again. You forgot the five hundred pounds which I advanced.

*Torrid.* Five hundred pounds!—you must, you shall accept my offer—I will not be refus'd.

*Jack*

*Jack Liz.* I thank you, Sir, for your intentions, but when I have stripped off the foppery which now entangles me, I have enough to satisfy the claims of others---'tis not in the power of wealth to satisfy those here!-- here on myself!-- I had from nature talents which I have abus'd; an independent spirit which I have prostituted; these are the claims which must and shall be satisfied.

*Lizard.* But how?---how? when you have not a sixpence in the world!

*Jack Liz.* By endeavouring to be useful---a man may be useful without the aid of fortune---every man has within himself the power of being useful---'tis an instinct which we inherit from nature, and 'till I have blotted out the stain which now dishonours me, I will cherish it as the only privilege of existence.

[*Exit Jack Liz.*]

*Enter SUSAN on the opposite side.*

*Susan.* Sir! Sir! the Doctor and the Architect are just arrived---but in such a pickle!---

*Lizard.* Pickle! what do you mean by pickle! aye, it will go through the family I see that; this is not a day for the Lizards.

*Susan.* Mr. Dorville's servants mistook them for a couple of bailiffs, and have tost the Architect in a blanket, and dragg'd the Doctor through the horse-pond.

*Lizard.* How! tost'd Jerry in a blanket, and dragg'd Jem through the horse-pond!

*Torrid.* Ha, ha, ha! (*to Lizard*) What a noble opportunity for Jerry to build in the air! and then in the horse-pond I dare say Jem has pick'd up some new ideas for his book on at-



mospheres—well, well, you are right—Jack is my favourite—so much my favourite, that in respect for him, I'll keep your secret.

*Lizard.* My secret! (*piteously*)

*Torrid.* Yes; Rosa you see has generously forgiven me; but as she does not know what share you had of the plunder, I don't know what she may say to you; if you chuse, I'll step and ask—(*Lizard supplicates him not.*)—That is my secret, and if you'll promise me to be honest, I'll promise that you shall be safe.

*Lizard.* Heigho!

*Torrid.* Keep you your promise of honesty, and I'll keep mine.

*Susan.* But what is become of my promise of marriage?

*Lizard.* (*pointing to the fragments.*)

*Susan.* How!

*Lizard.* (*calling to Susan*) Susan! (*making a sign to her to follow*) Jerry tofs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horse-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret!

*Susan.* You might as well have given me back the five hundred pounds; five hundred pounds would have secured me the refusal of any of our Masters at Mrs. Monsoon's.

*Lizard.* Jerry tofs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horse-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret! [*Exit repeating.*]

*Susan.* (*following*) I have heard them say over and over again, that a thousand pounds was a very pretty fortune for a young woman.

*Torrid.* Now that I'm again in possession of the letter, I'll see Lady Esther and make the discovery immediately.

*Enter*

*Enter RALPH and SERVANT, disputing.*

*Servant.* I tell you, Ralph, Mr. Dorville is not here!

*Ralph.* I beg pardon, Sir, I beg pardon. I am Ralph, a poor foolish fellow, one of the tenants—they say that Mr. Dorville is—but that's impossible; no man dare do it: Where is he?

*Servant.* He cannot see you, Ralph.

*Ralph.* Not see me! not see me! when I was in trouble I never refus'd to see him.

*Torrid.* What, you love him—love him in his affliction.—

*Ralph.* Lookye, Sir; lookye,—my hair may change its colour in his service, but my heart never shall. *[Exit.]*

*Torrid. (to the servant)* Is Lady Esther within?

*Servant.* She is, Sir!

*Torrid.* Take her this letter—say that you had it from Mr. Torrid—that he is here, and begs to see her. *[Exit, (as servant is following, enter Frank.)]*

*Frank.* Where is Mr. Dorville, where is he?

*Servant.* Ralph is this moment gone to him?

*Frank.* Is Ralph gone to him? I hope I shall be there first! I hope I shall be there first! he must run hard to be there before me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, *The Country near Mr. DORVILLE'S.*

*Enter Mr. DORVILLE, and the Bailiff.*

*Mr. Dorville.* Nay, nay, my good fellow, give me your hand, and mark me, there is no member of society more useful, than one who fills an odious, but necessary office, and executes it with tenderness and humanity!

*Enter*

*Enter RALPH.*

*Mr. Dorville.* Ralph, is it you? they told me all my tenants had abandoned me, your looks at least speak a different language.

*Ralph.* Yes, your honour, yes, stand off you scoundrel; d—e how I should like to knock him down; here your honour, here, here is the five hundred pounds.

*Mr. Dorville.* From whom?

*Ralph.* It is your own! your honour, its your own! what your advanc'd to put me into the farm? I was a liar this morning, I was a scoundrel this morning, I said my crops were not good, they are your honour, they are, the best in the county, my heart misgave me at the time. I thought no good would come of it! here, your honour, take the money!

*Mr. Dorville.* Why, Ralph! this is more than is due!

*Ralph.* Never mind what is due, your honour, never mind what is due. When I was in trouble, you never remembered what was due; you'll break my heart if you refuse the money—

*Enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* Here, here it is, your honour, you must take all from me, I am the oldest tenant you have!

*Mr. Dorville.* My good fellows! my noble fellows! I shall burst with agony—

*Ralph.* To be sure Frank is the oldest tenant, but then he has a wife and a large family.

*Frank.* That is the reason your honour! that is the reason! Heaven's blessing will go with me, heaven's blessing goes with every man who has  
a large



a large family—to see you thus, (*they each take a hand.*)

*Mr. Dorville.* To see me thus, is the proudest day of my life! a landlord in the hour of his distress sustained by his tenants! the suddenness of this demand has but occasioned a temporary embarrassment; my fortune is untouch'd! think not so meanly of me, of yourselves, no, no, it is not by lavish expence, or thoughtless profusion, that I have won your hearts; it is by living among you, by habits of familiarity, by listening to the little stories of your pleasures and disappointments; the way to win your confidence was pure and simple, it was only to give you mine! (*Enter Lady Esther.*) What say you now Lady Esther—

*Lady Est.* That I have been mistaken; that my fears on your account have made me unjust to others: that I acknowledge their zeal with gratitude, that I ask their pardon, that they will give it me, since I have a discovery to make which will add interest to every future moment of your life!—

*Mr. Dorville.* A discovery!

*Lady Est.* In Rosa---the young stranger?

*Mr. Dorville.* What—what of her?

*Lady Est.* In her! you take to your arms, your own daughter; the last act of your Eloisa's life, was to address this letter to me---

*Mr. Dorville.* Where is it? where is it? (*reads*)

“ To you a mother commits the child of her  
“ affection: in this hour of separation, all resent-  
“ ment against the author of her miseries subsides  
“ in her alarm for his daughter! let it be your  
“ kind office to restore her to his bosom, to his  
“ confidence! eighteen years of penitence have  
“ expiated his injustice; and a reliance on your  
“ honour,

"honour, the honour of his wedded wife, gives  
 "serenity to the last moments of his once lov'd  
 "Eloisa."

*Lady Est.* This was a noble confidence, and I  
 will prove myself not unworthy of it!--

*Mr. Dorville.* She comes! she comes! her  
 mother's injuries gather round my heart, and  
 stifle every other sensation!

*Lady Est.* She knows not the contents of the  
 letter; still thinks herself a stranger!--(to the pea-  
 sants)—stand aside with me my good friends,  
 this way; (*Lady Esther retires with them.*)

*Enter Rosa.*

*Rosa.* In tears—Mr. Dorville in tears! I bring  
 you your release, your liberty, I come from Mr.  
 Torrid to entreat your forgiveness, to tell you of  
 the virtues of his son, of my Henry---

*Mr. Dorville.* Forgiveness of me? 'tis I, I,  
 who have most need of forgiveness?

*Rosa.* You, you need of forgiveness, you?---  
 whose only knowledge of mankind is the know-  
 ledge of their wants, whose only passion to relieve  
 them?

*Mr. Dorville.* To relieve myself, Rosa, to bury  
 the recollection of the wrongs I have inflicted,  
 to stifle the call of outrag'd nature. Listen to me,  
 Rosa, listen to me; it was my fortune, when at  
 college, to be received into the family of a neigh-  
 bouring clergyman, he had a daughter, gay,  
 lovely, high-spirited, young as myself--the un-  
 suspecting confidence of her family put her in my  
 power; I betray'd it!!! Nay, do not start, re-  
 serve yourself for further horror; after what had  
 pass'd, I felt that she had additional claims on my  
 hand; I made known my passion to my father---I  
 knew

knew him vain, haughty, ambitious, but he found me resolute; and, in appearance, acquiesced---

*Rosa.* In appearance!

*Mr. Dorville.* Yes! this seeming acquiescence lull'd me to a false security! our marriage was delay'd; that delay was all he asked—he knew the irritable weakness of my character, and on that he built his hopes; he prevailed on a wretched confidant of my attachment, to enter into his views---my Eloisa was suddenly taken ill, and became a mother.

*Rosa.* Your Eloisa—it was the name—

*Mr. Dorville.* The early birth of my child was made the foundation of a charge base and unnatural—letters fabricated for the purpose were put into my hands, and when I flew to its embraces, an incident was contriv'd for my destruction. I found this wretch caressing the little infant; when I would have addressed him, he affected to avoid me; a horrible idea fasten'd on my fancy; I caught the infant to my arms; it smil'd---methought it smil'd like the wretch who had just fled. I would have dash'd it to the ground! you stretch'd forth your little arms, the charm of innocence preserv'd me! yes, Rosa, you, you were that infant! do you not start! shrink back with horror!--

*Rosa.* I, I start back with horror--from my father.

*Mr. Dorville.* I gave you to the nurse, and rush'd from the house---my feeble senses sunk under the conflict---after an interval I awoke from my delirium---awoke to hear that she renounc'd her claims upon my hand; that she had fled to an uncle in India; that she had a companion in her

M

flight;



flight; I was desperate. My father claim'd that acquiescence to his views of marriage, which he had lent to mine; I yielded, and became the husband of Lady Esther.

*Rosa.* 'Twas false, 'twas a new artifice; I, and I only was the companion of her flight; eighteen years of solitude attest her innocence; I—I attest it, that even in exile you were still the object of her affections: your conduct to your tenants, to your family, the constant theme of her admiration. I now see through the veil which she had thrown around me; the secret of my birth was locked in her own bosom, that she might raise for you an interest in mine; every action of your life was known to her; every instance of your generosity she hailed as a token of your penitence, as a tribute of affection to her memory: on these would she expatiate, these would she imprint on my young heart, while she concealed from me the name of father, till, in the knowledge of his virtues, I could forget her wrongs. Yes, they are forgotten! (*kneels*) her wishes are accomplished, your daughter throws herself on your protection, on your love, with confidence, respect, and gratitude.

*Mr. Dorville.* My child! do I indeed embrace thee.

*Re-enter Lady ESTHER, RALPH, FRANK, Mr. TORRID, and HENRY following; they gradually advance from the back of the Stage to ROSA and Mr. DORVILLE.*

*Lady Est.* The secret of your birth was disclosed to me in the letter brought by Mr. Torrid, and, from this hour, Rosa, you are the child of my adoption.

*Mr. Dorville.*

*Mr. Dorville.* There spoke again the natural feelings of your heart : where, where is your Henry ?

*Lady Est.* Here ! here ! with virtues to redeem his father's error, and shed a lustre over his memory. Mr. Torrid has told me every particular of his conduct.

*Mr. Torrid.* Yes, Mr. Dorville, from my son I have learned how to regain my own esteem, and you have shewn me how to regain that of others. These honest fellows (*pointing to Ralph and Frank*) have but led the way ; your other tenants are all here, (*the tenants enter with Ralph on one side, Frank on the other, and with the Steward at the back of the stage.*)

*Rosa.* In offering your house to me, a helpless female and a stranger, you gave an asylum to your own daughter ; and in providing for the happiness of your tenants, you secured your own ; and the hour of distress has group'd around you every social affection.

END OF ACT V.

Mr. Dorrill. Their look again the expression  
 ing of your heart: where's your heart?  
 Lady. Here! here! with virtue to redeem  
 his father's error, and shed a tear over his mis-  
 deed. Mr. Dorrill has told me every particular  
 of his conduct.  
 Mr. Dorrill. Yes, Mr. Dorrill, from my son I  
 have learned how to regard my own esteem, and  
 you have shown me how to regard that of others.  
 These humble fellows; desiring to please, and  
 (I say) have put the way; your other tenants  
 are all here, (the tenants enter with Hodge on  
 one side, Evans on the other, and with the three  
 and at the back of the stage)  
 Hodge. In offering your house to me, a husband  
 and a stranger, you cast an eye on your  
 own daughter; and in providing for the happiness  
 of your tenants, you denied your own; and the  
 hope of distant happiness would you ever be  
 an affection.

4 AP 54



## EPILOGUE,

Written by **GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.**

Spoken by **Mrs. JORDAN.**

**I**T is an adage—wond'rous old, and wise!—  
That—"There are Secrets in all Families."  
And, to put families into a fufs,  
There's nothing like—a Secret to discuss.  
All branches, when The Secret's thrown among 'em;  
Dispute, as if the very Devil had stung 'em;  
All, from the Master, highest in dominion,  
E'en to the Scullion, hold their own opinion.

Here is a Family before me, now—  
A charming looking Family, I vow!  
Such handsome, well-grown children, I assure you,  
Do no small credit to the House of Drury.  
A Secret—to some tastes we hope well-fitted,—  
This Night, has to your notice been submitted.

What think you of it?—Hush! for there, I see,  
Sits the grum Father of this Family. *(looking to the Pit.)*  
He is against the business, I suppose,  
By the disdainful curling of his nose.

Ah! ponder well, thou Critic-Parent, dear!  
And, be not on The Secret too severe!  
Bless your wise head!—our Secret may not strike it,  
But many of the Family may like it.  
And, learn, before The Secret you despise,  
To be ill-natur'd is not to be wise.

Another

## EPILOGUE.

Another of the Family!—I spy him; [*looking to the Boxes*]  
 With a smart, lively lady, sitting by him.  
 'Tis Master Jacky;—he is thinking deep  
 Upon The Secret.—No;—he's fast asleep.  
 Don't jog him, Madam!—he is one of those  
 Who think as well whether they wake or dose.  
 And many brothers of this Family  
 Are as like Jacky as pea is to pea:  
 But still, though dull, their presence, here, does good;  
 It helps to prop the House;—and so does wood.

You like The Secret, Lady Fair, I'm sure: [*to another part of the Boxes*]  
 To one so young, a Secret is so pure!  
 Nay, vote a Secret, and 'twill always follow  
 All Females, in the House, are for it, hollow.  
 For you, my merry friends! we soon may learn [*to the Galleries*]  
 How your opinions on The Secret turn.  
 Good souls! you never from the question shrink:—  
 You're pretty loud in telling what you think.

But, ah! there is one Secret still behind,  
 Our Bard, to-night, has struggled hard to find.  
 'Tis one on which depends his Rise or Fall;—  
 It is the Secret—how to please you All.

4 AP 54



4 AP 54

*Written by the same Author, and printed for*  
T. CADELL, JUN. and W. DAVIES, Strand.

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